This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

KD
48078

NEDL TRANSFER
HN 2I2J

Digitized by Google

KD48078

178 FERGUSSON (DAVID), A Select Collection of Scots Poems, chiefly in the Broad Buchan Dialect, with a Collection of Scots Proverbs, 12mo, morocco extra, gilt edges, 30s

Edin., 1777

XXXIV 87
XXXVI 51
XLIV 93

William Cameron Forbes

Digitized by Google

A

W. Cameron Forbes

SELECT COLLECTION

OF 1893

SCOTS POEMS,

CHIEFLY

IN THE BROAD BUCHAN DIALECT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A COLLECTION OF SCOTS PROVERBS:

BY THE REVEREND MR DAVID FERGUSSON,

SOME TIME MINISTER AT DUMFERMLINE.

EDINBURGH

PRINTED IN THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXVII.

KD48078

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
050 * /36

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

AJAX's Speech to the Grecian Knabbs.—In broad Buchans.—From Ovid's Metamorphoſes, lib. xiii.—*Conſedere duces, et vulgi ſtante corona, &c.* - - 1

Ulyſſes' Anſwer to Ajax's Speech, in the ſame dialect; never before publiſhed, - 13

A Journal from London to Portſmouth, in the ſame dialect, - - - - 1

A Shop-Bill, by Robert Forbes, in the ſame dialect, - - - - 11

A Gloſſary, or Explanation of the hard words contained in the foregoing Poems, 15

The Dominie Depoſ'd; by William Forbes, M. A. late Schoolmaſter at Petercoulter, 23

Polemo-Middinia inter Vitarvam et Nebernam; by William Drummond of Hawthornden, Eſq; - - - 54

Prælium Gillicrankianum. Cantilena, 59

A Collection of Scots Proverbs.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

AJAX's SPEECH

TO THE

GRECIAN KNABBS.

THE wight an' doughty captains a'
Upo' their doups ſat down;
A rangel o' the common fouk
In bourachs a' ſtood roun.

AJAX bang'd up, whaſe targe was ſhught
In ſeven fald o' hide;
An' bein' bouden'd up wi' wraith,
Wi' atry face he ey'd

The Trojan ſhore, an' a' the barks
That tedder'd faſt did ly
Alang the coaſt; an' raxing out
His gardies, loud did cry:

O Jove! The cauſe we here do plead,
An' unco' great's the ſtaik;
Bat fall that ſleeth ULYSSES now
Be ſaid to be my maik?

Digitized by Google

Ye ken right well, fan Hector try'd
Thir barks to burn an' ſcowder,
He took to ſpeed o' fit, becauſe
He cou'd na' bide the ewder.

But I, like birky, ſtood the brunt,
An' ſlocken'd out that gleed,
Wi' muckle virr, an' ſyne I gar'd
The limmers tak the ſpeed.

'Tis better then the cauſe we try
Wi' the wind o' our wame,
Than for to come in hanny grips
At ſik a driery time.

At threeps I am na' ſae perquire,
Nor auld-farren as he,
Bat at banes-braken, it's well kent
He has na' maughts like me.

For as far as I him excell
In toulzies fierce an' ſtrong,
As far in chaft-taak he exceeds
Me wi' his ſleeked tongue.

My proticks an' my doughty deeds,
O Greeks! I need na' tell,
For there's nane here bat kens them well:
Lat him tell his himſell:

Which

Digitized by Google

Which ay were done at glomin time,
Or dead hour o' the night,
An' deil ane kens except himſell;
For nae man ſaw the ſight.

The ſtaik indeed is unco' great,
I will confeſs alway,
Bat, name ULYSSES to it anes,
The worth quite dwines away.

Great as it is, I need na' vouſt;
I'm ſeer I hae nae neef
To get fat cou'd be ettl'd at,
By ſik a menſleſs thief.

Yet routh o' honour he has got,
Ev'n tho' he gets the glaik,
Fan he's ſae crous that he wou'd try
To be brave AJAX' maik.

But gin my wightneſs doubted were,
I wat my gentle bleed,
As being ſin to Telamon,
Right ſickerly does plead:

Wha, under doughty Hercules,
Great Troy's walls down hurl'd,
An' in a tight Theſſalian bark
To Colchos' harbour ſwirl'd.

Digitized by Google

An' Æacus my gutcher was,
Wha now in hell ſits jidge,
Whare a fun-ſtane does Siſyphus
Down to the yerd ſair gnidge.

Great Jove himſel owns Æacus
To be his ain dear boy,
An' ſyne, without a' doubt, I am
The neiſt chiel to his oye.

Bat thus in counting o' my 'etion
I need na' mak' ſik din,
For it's well kent Achilles was
My father's brither ſin:

An' as we're couſins, there's nae ſcouth
To be in ony ſwidders;
I only ſeek fat is my due,
I mean fat was my brither's.

Bat why a thief, like Siſyphus,
That's nidder'd ſae in hell,
Sud here tak' fittininment,
Is mair na' I can tell.

Sall then theſe arms be deny'd
To me, wha in this bruilzie
Was the firſt man that drew my durk,
Came ſlaught-bred to the toulzie?

An'

Digitized by Google

An' ſall this fleeth come farrer ben,
Wha was ſae dev'liſh ſurly,
He ſcarce wou'd gae a fit frae hame,
An' o' us a' was hurly?

An' frae the weir he did back hap,
An' turn'd to us his tud:
An' gar'd the hale-ware o' us trow
That he was gane clean wud:

Until the ſin o' Nauplius,
Mair uſeleſs na' himſell,
His jouckry-pauckry finding out,
To weir did him compell.

Lat him then now take will an' wile,
Wha nane at firſt wou'd wear,
An' I get baith the ſkaith an' ſcorn,
Twin'd o' my brither's gear!

Becauſe I was the foremoſt man,
An' ſteed the hetteſt fire,
Juſt like the man that aught the cow,
Gade deepeſt i' the mire.

I wiſh the chiel he had been wud,
Or that it had been trow'd;
That mither o' miſchief had not
To Troy's town been row'd.

Digitized by Google

Syne, Pæan's ſon, thou'd not been left
On Lemnos' iſle to ſkirle,
Whare now thy groans in dowy dens,
The yerd-faſt ſtanes do thirle:-

An' on that ſleeth ULYSSES head:
Sad curſes down does bicker;
If there be gods aboon, I'm ſeer
He'll get them leel and ſicker.

This doughty lad he was reſolv'd,
Wi' me his fate to try,
Wi poiſon'd ſtewgs o' Hercules,
Bat 'las! his bleed wis fey.

Wi' ſickneſs now he's ferter-like,
Or like a water-wraith,
An' hirplin' after the wil' birds,
Can ſcarce get meat an' claith.

An' now theſe darts that weerded were
To tak' the town o' Troy',
To get meat for his gabb, he man
Againſt the birds employ.

Yet he's alive, althó' to gang;
Wi' him he was fu' laith;
If Palamede had been ſae wiſe,
He had been free frae ſkaith:-

Nor

For he'd been livin' ti' this day,
An' ſlept in a hale ſkin,
An' gotten fair play for his life,
An' ſtan'd he had nae been.

Becauſe he prov'd he was na wud,
He was ſae fu' o' fraud,
He ſlack'd na' till he gat the life
O' this peer ſakeleſs lad.

For to the Grecians he did ſwear,
He had ſae great envy,
That gou'd in gourpens he had got,
The army to betray.

An' wi' miſchief he was ſae gnib
To get his ill intent,
He howk'd the gou'd which he himſell
Had yerded in his tent.

Thus wi' uncanny pranks he fights,
An' ſae he did beguile,
An' twin'd us o' our kneeſeſt men
By death and by exile.

Altho' mair gabby he may be
Than Neſtor wiſe and true,
Yet few will ſay, it was nae fau't
That he did him furhow.

Fan

Fan his peer glyde was ſae miſchiev'd,
He'd neither ca' nor drive,
The lyart lad, wi' years ſair dwang'd,
The traitor thief did leave.

Theſe are nae threeps o' mine; right well
Kens Diomede the wight,
Wha' wi' ſnell words him ſair did ſnib,
An' bann'd his cowardly flight.

The gods tho' look on mortal men
Wi' eyn baith juſt and gleg;
Lo he, wha Neſtor wou'd na help,
For help himſell does beg!

Then as he did the auld man leave
Amon' ſae fierce a menzie,
The law he made, lat him be paid
Back juſt in his ain cuinzie.

Yet fan he cryed, O neipers help!
I ran to tak' his part,
He look'd ſae haave as 'gin a dwam
Had juſt o'ercaſt his heart.

For they had gi'en him ſik a fleg,
He look'd as he'd been doited,
For ilka' limb an' lith o' him
'Gainſt ane anither knoited.

Syne

Digitized by Google

Syne wi my targe I cover'd him,
Fan on the yerd he lies,
An' fav'd his ſmeerleſs ſaul; I think
'Tis little to my praiſe.

Bat 'gin wi' Batie ye will bourd,
Come back, lad, to yon place;
Lat Trojans an' your wonted fears
Stand glowrin' i' your face:

Syne ſlouch behind my doughty targe,
That yon day your head happit:
There fight your fill, ſin' ye are grown
Sae unco' crous an' cappit.

Fan I came to him, wi' ſad wound
He had nae maughts to gang,
Bat fan he ſaw that he was ſafe,
Right ſouple cou'd he ſpang.

Lo! Hector to the toulzie came,
An' gods baith fierce an' grim,
He flegged ſtarker fouk na' you,
Sae ſair they dreaded him.

Yet whan he did o' ſlaughter vouſt,
I len'd him ſik a dird,
As laid him arſelins on his back,
To wamble o' the yerd.

Fan

Digitized by Google

Fan he ſpang'd out, rampag'd an' ſaid
That nane amon' us a'
Durſt venture out upo' the lone,
Wi' him to ſhak' a fa';

I dacker'd wi' him by myſel',
Ye wiſh't it to my kavel,
An' gin ye ſpeer fa' got the day,
We parted on a nevel.

Lo! Trojans fetch baith fire an' ſword
Amo' the Grecian barks;
Whare's eloquent ULYSSES now,
Wi' a' his wily cracks;

I then a thouſand ſhips did ſave,
An' muckle danger thol'd;
'Gin they'd been brunt, de'il ane had ſeen
The land whare he was foal'd.

Bat 'gin the truth I now durſt tell,
I think the honour's mair
To them than fat it is to me
Tho' they come to my ſkair;

At leaſt the honour equal is:
Syne fat needs a' this din;
For AJAX them he dis na ſeek,
Sae ſair as they dee him.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then lat ULYSSES now compare
Rhæſus an' maughtleſs Dolon,
An' Priam's ſon, an' Pallas phizz
That i' the night was ſtolen:

For de'il belicket has he deen,
Fan it was fair-fuir days;
Nor without gaucy Diaomede,
Wha wis his guide always.

Rather na' gi' him this propine
For deeds that feckleſs are,
Divide them, and lat Domede
Come in for the beſt ſkare.

Bat fat uſe will they be to him,
Wha in hudge mudge wi' wiſes,
Without a gully in his hand,
The ſmeerleſs fae beguiles?

The gowden helmet will ſae glance,
And blink wi' ſkyrin brinns,
That a' his wimples they'll find out
Fan i' the mark he ſheens.

Bat his weak head nae farrach has
That helmet for to bear,
Nor has he mergh intil his banes,
To wield Achilles' ſpear:

Digitized by Google

Nor his bra' targe, on which is ſeen
The yerd, the ſin, and lift,
Can well agree wi' his cair cleuck,
That cleikit was for thift.

Fat gars you then, miſchievous tyke!
For this propine to prig,
That your ſma' banes wou'd langel ſair,
They are ſae unco' big?

An' if the Greeks ſud be ſae blind,
As gi' you ſik a gift,
The Trojan lads right ſoon wou'd dight
You like a futtle heft.

An' as you ay by ſpeed o' fit
Perform ilk' doughty deed,
Fan laggert wi' this boukſome graith,
You will tyne haaf your ſpeed.

Beſides your targe, in battle keen,
Bat little danger tholes,
While mine wi' mony a thudd is clowr'd,
An' thirl'd ſair wi' holes.

Bat now, fat need's for a' this din?
Lat deeds o' words tak' place,
An' lat your ſtoutneſs now be try'd,
Juſt here before your face.

Digitized by Google

Lat the arms o' *Achilles* brave
Amon' our faes be laid,
An' the firſt chiel' that brings them back,
Lat him wi' them be clad.

ULYSSES' ANSWER

TO

AJAX's SPEECH.

AGREAN was heard thro' a' the rout,
Fan AJAX' wind was ſpent;
ULYSSES ſhook his wylie head,
And bade them a' tak tent.

Wi' glowrin een and ſcoulan brows
He lookit on the yerd,
Syne blythſly to the gentles blink't,
And mony a ſweet word ſaid.

Digitized by Google

O worthy Greeks! thought ye like me,
This pley ſud ſeen be deen;
The wearing o' Achilles' graith
Wad be decided ſeen.

O bra' Achilles! had thou liv'd
Thyſel' to wear thy gear,
We had been happy; "we've nae maughts
To wag thy truſty ſpear."

The fates deny us this propine,
Becauſe we ſlaithfu' are;
And they ken beſt fa's fit to bruik
Achilles' doughty gear.

(And as he ſpake theſe words, the tears
Cam bubblin' down his cheeks),
An' fa but me did bring this lad
To ſtand your ground, O Greeks?

This profits naething, dull and douf
It is to greet an' grean,
An' he's nae better, for our tears
Canna feſh him again.

My wit, my wiles, and deeds, O Greeks!
Were ay for you moſt keen;
An' falſhood to ye while I live
Shall not wi' me be ſeen.

Nor

Digitized by Google

Nor ſall ill will hae ony place
Amo' my words or deeds;
Then lat not AJAX boaſt his acts,
An' caſt out mine like weeds.

For what our gutchers did for us
We ſcarce dare ca' our ain,
Unleſs their fitſteps we fill up,
An' play their part again.

Doin' well ourſells, we canna help
Tho' a' friends binna ſteddy;
Sma' is the kin that canna ſpare
To fill baith ſack an' widdy.

Bat fat needs AJAX crack ſae crouſe,
In bein' oye to Jove;
Fan there's nane here but cam o' him,
An' I'm as near I'll prove.

For Jove did jink Arceſius
Upo' a noble lady;
The gentles a' ken roun' about
He was my lucky-deddy.

Now I'm as ſib to Jove as he;
We're na baſtarts it's known,
An' by the mither's ſide we ca'
Mercurius our own.

Digitized by Google

We're double ſib unto the gods;
Fat needs him prattle mair?
Yet it's na for my gentle blude
That I do ſeek the gear.

But I by merits fain wad claim
The armour as my own;
Therefore, O Greeks! beſtow the prize
On him that beſt has done.

Tho' Peleus an' Telamon
Were truly brithers born;
AJAX gets little wind by that
To bear awa' the horn.

The diſpute ſtands not here o' blude,
Nor yet fa's neiſt o' kin;
But only fa' by virtuous warks
Comes neareſt unto him.

An' fat needs AJAX ſeek the graith,
As bein' neareſt heir?
For Pyrrhus is Achilles' ſin,
An' comes afore him there.

The Phythian an' Scyronian
Can baith eat o' the puddin:
Fan AJAX cut maun be but ſhort;
We dinna ken his midden.

An'

An Teucer wad pit in his claim,
He's nae a fit behind;
He ſtands as near to the barn door,
An' has as fair a wind.

But they're mair modeſt in their minds
Than prig o' ſic a pley,
Yet gin they did, I'm ſure they wad
Be ſure to won the day.

An' here, becauſe the tulzie ſtands
Only in naked deeds,
Lat AJAX ſtrip himſel' like me,
To ken fa' wears the weeds.

I hae deen mair I think, it's kent,
Than AJAX an' anither;
An' I by virtue only claim
To be Achilles' brither.

I ſoon fand out auld Thetis' trick,
Which did you a' beguile;
I brought Achilles to the wars,
For a' his mither's wyle.

Tho' ſhe had clad him like a laſs,
Amo' bra' ladies fair;
I ſhortly kent the proty lad,
As I was ſelling ware.

Digitized by Google

A glancin' helmet, ſword, and targe,
I loot the cummers fee,
The queans a' ſtartit at the ſight;
Nane car't for them bat he.

Altho' his mither, in her weirds,
Fortald his death at Troy,
I ſoon prevail'd wi' her to ſend
The young man to the ploy.

Sin by his hands fate 'er is done,
I hope I've brought to paſs;
For by him Telephon, by me,
Baith fought an conquer't was.

By me the woun' was made an' cur'd
That he got in his hip;
An' fat needs AJAX in this pley
Again to lift his lip?

That Thebes' wa'as fell down, to me
The thanks I'm ſure is due;
Scyros' an' Leſbos' overthrow,
I brought to paſs for you.

By me the cottar towns o' Troy,
Which to Appollo ſung,
Their ſturdy dikes and lofty lums
Down to the yerd were dung.

I hitch't

I hitcht about Lyrneſſus' wa'as
Till I my time cou'd ſee;
Syne gart the lymmers tak their heels,
An' brought the laſs wi' me.

I need na' tell the pilgets a'
I've had wi' feirdy foes,
It coſt baith wit and pith to ſee
The back-ſeams o' their hoſe.

The famous Hector did na care
A doit for a' your dird;
But my wyles, an' Achilles' hands,
Gars him ſtink i' the yerd.

I only ſeek the arms I gae
To him, for life to wear;
It's me I'm ſure, after the gods,
That ſud put on ſic gear.

Fat grief an' ſorrow thul'd ye, Greeks,
At the Aulidan ſhore?
A thouſan ſhips ſtack i' the ſea,
And ſail they wad na more.

A puft o' wind ye cudna get,
To gar your cannas wag;
The fates forbade your farrer march,
An' ſair they did you brag.

Till

Till I advis'd the King to ſell
His daughter to the moon;
Syne Fuddy raiſe and filt your ſails;
Ye gat your pipes in tune.

For Agamemnon winachin,
Diana's wench had ſtown;
An wad na gie her back again,
Bat kept her as his own.

An' tho' the King did fair deny
To part wi' Iphigen;
Yet I wi' guid advice turn'd him
The common good to ken.

His brither gae him a' his pow'r
The army for to lead;
And ſyne fa' durſt anes conter him
Was like to tine the head.

Yet I gaed to his wife myſel',
An' ſoon gat her conſent;
Had AJAX on this erran' gane,
Your wind had fund nae vent.

The bonny laſſie was beguil'd,
She thought to get a man;
But cunningly ſhe was gar't bleed,
To gie your ſails the fan.

I gaed

I gaed into the Trojan ha',
E'en ben to their fireſide;
To help your common cauſe, O Greeks!
Sic chiels wad made you fleid.

Far there was mony a ſturdy carl,
Wi' bairds as ſtiff as bent;
I bauldly tald my tale to them,
An' gart them a' tak tent.

I claim't the Queen, I Paris charg'd
Wi' theft; the King did move,
An's father baith, to gie her back,
But this did bootleſs proye.

For Paris an' the grugous carls
That ſta' the wife cam in,
An' gart me wiſh I were awa'
While I had a hale ſkin.

You Menelaus can tell yourſel'
The dangers we thol'd there;
I wonder how they held there hands,
They girnt at me ſae fair.

O'er lang it were to tell you a'
I've done wi' heart and hand,
Theſe mony years, to gar you thrive,
An' mak your purpoſe ſtand.

Sin

Digitized by Google

Sin the firſt fight theſe ten lang years,
Your faes right aft hae been
About my lugs, and at yon dykes
Stout tulzies hae you ſeen.

Bat fat did AJAX a' this time?
E'en lie like idle tike;
He ſteert na' fin Sigeia's hill,
Bat ſlipt ahint the dyke.

Fat was your uſe? you idle cur!
Bat if my deeds ye ſpeer,
I did entrench the camp, an' kept
Your enemies in fear.

Ilk night I ſtecht you fartin fu'
Thro' a this hungry weir,
An' learnt you how to weeld your fungs,
And never loot you tire.

Bat byde you yet; the King himſell
Did fenzie Jove's command,
An' ſaid, he bade him in his ſleep
Lat Troy's tow'rs ſtill ſtand;

An' leave the war, or elſe the lads
O' Troy wad pay his hyde;
Did AJAX' courage ever kyth,
To ſay anes he wad byde?

Whare

Digitized by Google

Whare then was a' your windy vouſts?
Ye that is now ſae kneef!
Ye ſloutcht awa amo' the lave,
As ye had been a thief.

Ye little had to crack upo',
Tho' ye'd cry'd, Arm you, lads!
I ſaw (an' ſhame it wis to ſee)
You rin awa' like hawds.

You've lain lang here, you've little done,
Far a' your muckle din;
But like a lown to turn your arſe,
To keep you a hale ſkin.

Did he no cry, Gae hame, my lads,
An' leave the Trojan war;
I thought ye'd a' diſtracted been,
An' run away for fear.

Theſe ten lang years ye hae lain here,
An' ſeenil ſhawn your face;
Sma' is the ſpulzie ye've brought hame,
Except it be diſgrace.

But I, like a true ſodger, cry'd,
Keep on your bandeliers;
We'll tak the town o' Troy, my lads,
An' ſettle a' your fears.

Fan

Digitized by Google

Fan Agamemnon cry'd, To arms,
The ſilly dofart coward,
AJAX, for a' his crouſeneſs now,
Cud na get out his ſword.

Compare you then to Therſites,
Wha' for's ill-ſcrappit tongue,
An' ſhamble chafts, got on his back
Puſs wi' the nine tails hung.

Wi' vir I did chaſtiſe the lowns,
Or brought them a' to peace;
Wi' ſugar'd words, fan that wad dee,
I made their malice ceaſe.

If ye be ſtouter, lad, nor me,
That time may brawly tell;
Ye turn'd your tail, then to the walk
I brought you back my ſell.

Let's ken the Greek that e'er you priz'd,
Or ſought you to their help?
They had awa' frae you; they ken
Ye're but an uſeleſs folp.

But Diomede mells ay wi' me,
An' tells me a' his mind;
He kens me ſicker, leal, an' true,
An' no a piſh behind.

He's

Digitized by Google

He's ane o' a' the mony Greeks
Fa' only me did wyle
To ſpy the Trojan camp; we did
Their watches a' beguile.

At that night's wark he needs na' laugh,
It came na' to my fa';
The peril we were in, I'm ſure,
Had gart him rin awa.

The Phrygian Dolon, ſouple ſpy!
We took him by the tail;
An' gart him tell the news o' Troy,
An' paak't him ſyne to hell.

I found what the falſe Trojan did
Againſt us Greeks prepare;
But not content wi' this, I went
Where Thracians lying were;

I wan the vogue, I Rhæſus fell'd,
An' his knabbs in his tent,
Syne took his coach, an' milk-white ſtaigs,
'Ere ever I wad ſtent.

Syne gallantly came hoblin hame
Into the camp again;
I wan Achilles' arms that night,
For Dolon wad him ſlain.

Digitized by Google

AJAX himſel' ſud be mair free
Than to deny the gear
To me, that ſav'd the man that us'd
Them conſtantly to wear.

What ſlaughter made I wi' my durk
Amo' Sarpedon's troop!
Wi' blood an' gore, o'er dub and dyke,
I gart Cœranon loup.

Alaſtor, Chromie, Alcander,
Wi' them Iphitus' ſin,
Prytanes, Nœmon, Haly, gat
Sma' banes an' riven ſkin.

An' I ſent Thoon to the ſhades,
I Charop's teſt'ment made,
An' mony mair about this town
My hands hae wrought to dead.

That I hae at banes-brakin been
My ſkin can ſha' the marks;
I dinna tell you idle tales,
See to my bleedy ſarks;

Wi' that he open'd a' his claiſe,
An' cry'd, Come here, look a'
Into my breaſt, an' there ye'll find
A bonny ſcab to cla'.

Digitized by Google

Bat AJAX ſleeps in a hale hyde,
For a' his muckle crawin;
Theſe ten lang years, wi' blood o' freins,
The chiel has pay't his lawin.

Bat fat's the matter? the cheil ſays,
He ſav't the Grecian ſhips,
Held aff the Trojans an' the gods,
An' ſkelpit Hector's hips:

I dinna like to tell ill tales
Upo' my neiper man;
He did na' haaf the wark him lane;
Patroclus led the van,

We'll theicket in Achilles' graith,
He muckle maſt'ry made,
An' gart the limmers take their heels;
Yet died in honour's bed.

In ſpite o' AJAX' muckle targe,
The barks had a' gane gleam;
If ither fouk had na been there,
He'd been ſent roaſten hame.

Thought he to ſave a thouſan ſhips,
Wi' his ae ſingle ſpear?
He has forgot, the king an' I,
An' nine dukes tee were there.

Digitized by Google

How that day gaed, I fain wad ſpier?
How loot ye Hector hame?
Ye ſud hae hadden him down, an' dung
Your gullie in his wame.

Bat he gaed aff hale-hide frae you,
For a' your windy vouſt;
Had ither fouk met wi' him there,
It had been till his coſt.

Bat wae to that unlucky night!
I'm like to brake my heart!
That night Achilles kept the ſtyle,
An' died by Paris' dart.

Wi' grief an' ſorrow I think on't,
How he lay in his gore;
His body clad wi' dubb an' dirt,
Fat needs me tell you more?

Sair ſmear'd wi' gutters was his buik,
He ſtinket in his hide;
'Ere I him to my ſhoulder got,
My back-bane-links were dey'd.

Upo' my back I laid his corps,
An' hame I carried him;
An' fought my road out thro' my faes,
That were baith fierce and grim.

That

Digitized by Google

That night ſhaws weil that my cair cleuk
Can manage his bra' targe;
I wan't; I'm ſure your noble minds
Will gie me't for my wage.

Ye a' ken weil, fan Thetis hir'd
Vulcan to make this gear,
She never meant a numſcull e'er
Sic coſtly graith ſud wear:

He ſays, the targe ſhaws earth and ſea:
Saft ſheep! he has na' horns;
For it tells a' the motion o'
The ſin, meen, and ſev'n ſtarns;

Simmer an' winter on it kyths,
And mony a bonny town;
An' a' the ſkyrin brins o' light
That blink the poles aroun:

He ſeeks—he kens na' fat he ſeeks,
The ſilly ſenſeleſs drone!
He wad hae gear he canna wear,
Nor ever cud put on.

How foul's the bibble he ſpits out
Fan he ca's me a fugee *
Achilles played na' trumph about
Wi' him, he ſays; but judge ye.

Digitized by Google

He ſays, I lie; bat ye ken a'
He can do that fu' well;
I tell the truth; they're here that ſaw
Me come afore himſell.

Achilles' mither kept her ſin
Until he ſaid his prayers;
I pray'd for life, an' kiſt my wife,
An' ſyne came to the wars.

I dinna hing my lugs, like ane
That has a riven breek;
If I was hurly, there was cauſe,
Believe me as ye like.

Nor do I fear his ill-chaſt taak,
Nor his ill-muggent tricks;
There's nae a gentle o' you a'
Bat he taks o'er the pricks.

If I did wrang to lay the wyte
On ſilly Palamede,
Fat mends gat he frae you, fan ye
Gart him be ſtain't to dead?

Ye heard his faut, ye ſaw the price
That he gat for your lives;
The lown ſud lay na wyte on me,
Fan for the prize he ſtrives.

An'

An' Pœan's ſin was left, ye ken,
At Lemnos to be fear'd
Wi' Vulcan's ir'ns; then to blame me
Is futie an' miſtear'd.

Say for yourſel's, ye did conſent
He ſud the arrows bring;
He loot ane fa', it ſtang't his fit;
Nor blame me for the thing.

He lives, an' ſall be ſeen well clad,
An' meated well enough;
Syne AJAX ſall be ken't a liar,
An' I to tell the truth.

An' ſin the Fates hae orders gi'en
To bring the progues to Troy,
Send me no for them, better far
Is AJAX for the ploy;

He'll ſuck the poiſon frae the ſair,
An' be a noble leech;
An' gie the lad a cooling ſweat
Wi' his well-licket ſpeech.

'Ere Simois' ſtream rin up the hill,
Ida wi' pears not clad,
He'll gar a little pickle Greeks
Ding a' the Trojans dead.

Digitized by Google

My wiles, nor wordy acts, O Greeks,
For you has nothing deen;
But AJAX, wi' his vouſten, can
Big caſtles i' the meen.

Tak tent, my friens, gin it be fair
To flyte upo' us a';
Upo' the king, as well as me,
He lats his curſes fa'.

He's daft, or drunken fu', I'm ſure,
Or he wad ne'er hae ſaid,
That Philoctetes' maliſon
Wad light upo' my head.

Tak better tent, ye barkin brute,
How ye your curſes throw;
Leſt they at laſt wi' vengeance light
Upo' your graceleſs pow.

Tho' he bans me, I wiſh him well,
We'll may be meet again;
I'll gie his birn a hitch, an' help
To eaſe him o' his pain.

Gin he had buckl't as I bade,
The arrows cudna fa';
For he may laugh at looſin' out,
That can well girn an' draw;

Gif

Digitized by Google

Gif I them in my turſin had,
As I'd the Trojan weird;
A ſkin i' a' the camp ſud not
Been wi' their venom ſteer'd.

Can AJAX count his ſculls wi' me?
Fan I brought Priam's ſin,
And Pallas' phiz, out thro' my faes;
He needs na' mak ſic din.

The Fates forbad to tak the tow'r
O' Pergamos, ye ken,
As lang's Minerva dwalt in it;
He gaed na fae far ben.

Whare now is AJAX' muckle mauchts?
Whare's a' his vouſtin words?
Why fear'd he to gang up the lone,
And trembled at their ſwords?

Why durſt ULYSSES be ſae baul,
Thro' a' their guards to gang?
An' thro' cald irons force his way,
That were baith ſharp an' lang;

Not only to the waas o' Troy,
At mark hour o' th' night;
Bat even up to their higheſt haas;
An ripe wi' candle light

Their.

Digitized by Google

Their benner pauntries; until he
Palladie's picture fand,
An' carried it thro' enemies,
An' brought it to your hand.

An had na I this prankie play'd,
A' AJAX' doughty wark
Had been for nought; the ſeven nouts' hides
Had gane for a clean ſark.

That night I'm ſure the winning's mine,
For luck left their fire-ſide;
Then Pergamos was ruin'd quite
Fan Pallas wad na byde.

Then dight your gab, lad; bark nae mair
At Diomede an' me;
The lad's thankwordy; tenfaul' praiſe
Belangs him, mair nor ye:

Had you an' your bra' truſty targe
That ſav't the ſhips frae fire,
Been at that wark, your breeks had been
Beſhitten for your hire.

A dirten dirdum ye brag o'
Done on the Trojan ſhore,
Wi' mony ane to help you; I
Had juſt ane an' no more.

He

Digitized by Google

He ſudna get the prize ; he's like
The man that clips the ſow,
He makes a hantle rout an' din,
But brings but little woo'.

The tither Ajax, Oileus' ſin,
Has full as gude a right ;
Baul Eurypyle an' famous Thous
Can baith fu' as well fight

As ye can dee ; an' nae war is
Merion an' Idomen,
Wad they but ſeek, I'm ſure they ſud
Come muckle farrer ben.

The Spartan Laird has better right
Himſell the gear to tak';
He has done mair for them nor ye,
For a' the din ye mak.

There's nane o' a' theſe lads ye ken
Behin' you haaf a fit,
Bat tho' their thums be ſtark as yours,
They rin to me for wit.

Contrive na we, your ſhaklebanes
Will mak' but little ſtreik;
Ye're muckle, but unmanly, lad!
Juſt like Tam Taylor's tyke.

But

Digitized by Google

But I can teet an' hitch about,
An' melt them 'ere they wit;
An' ſyne fan they're dung out o' breath
They hae na maughts to hit.

The king kens this: Your heavy neives
Guid muckle dunts can deal:
Wi' courage an' guid counſel, we
Can wrang our faes mair leal.

Wi' counſel an' command we work;
An' this made us to thrive,
I like a captain, you a ſlave;
Fat needs the ſleeth ſyne ſtrive?

Nor are our hands a whit behind
The purpoſe o' our mind;
There's mony a pratty lad anion's
As guid's you, i' their kind.

Now, noble neipers, gie your prize
To him that beſt deſerves;
Mind a' my travel ten lang years,
Your credit to preſerve.

An' think wi' honour, if ye can
Gie AJAX ſic a gift;
Wha has done naething a' this time,
But vouſts as he cud fight.

Digitized by Google

See now the wark is near an end,
I've turn'd out a' the ſtanes
Stood i' the road; the gutter's ſheel'd;
Ye a' win to at anes.

Then till't, my lads, ding down the dykes,
An' turn up Troy's towers,
I you beſeech, by a' the Gods;
Minerva aids your powers;

She was your fae, but now your friend;
I brought her to your aid;
I can do mair, ye's get the darts;
Ye need na be afraid.

Now mark me, lads! but gin ye think
Me auld to wear ſick graith,
Here is a gentle, fa, I'm feere,
Sud get them frae us baith.

Wi' that he took out Pallas' phiz,
An ſhook it i' their face;
An' bad them tell their minds; ſyne he
Sat down in his ain place.

The gentles clapped a' their hands;
An' cry'd, Ha ha, ha ha!
ULYSSES has the gullies win,
Well mat he bruik them a'!

Digitized by Google

Then AJAX, wha alane gainſtood
Gods, Trojans, ſword an' fire,
See him that cudna be o'ercome
Dung o'er by his ain ire.

O'ercome wi' grief, he takes his ſword,
Cries, This is ſurely mine;
ULYSSES has na right to this,
For a' his ſleekit whine;

Aft hae I creeſht it wi' the gaits
Of Troy's ſtouteſt breed,
An' nane bat AJAX can o'ercome
AJAX, ſall ay be ſaid.

He ſhook the blade, an' wi' a wap
Set the heft to the ground,
The nib until his breaſt; wi' it
Gave himſell his death's wound.

The froathin bleed fa'n o' the truff
Did change the violet's hue;
Gin it was white before, this made
It turn to purple blue.

The twa firſt letters o' his name
Stand i' the bonny flower;
Lamentin the great hero's death,
Frae yon time to this hour.

Digitized by Google

A

JOURNAL

FROM

LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH.

I WOULD hae written you lang 'ere now, bat I hae been ſae eident writing journals that I hae been quite forfoughen wi' them: bat diel ane has glacked my mitten for as fair as I hae been nidder'd wi' them; fouſomever, ſin we're ſpeaking o' journals, I hae been ſae baul as ſen you a ſampler o' mine frae London to Portſmouth: An' firſt an' foremoſt, there wis three i' the coach forby me; the firſt was a leiftenant o' a ſhip, a gaucy, ſwack, young fallow, an' as guid a pint-ale's man as 'ere beeked his fit at the coutchack o' a browſter wife's ingle: he was well wordy o' the gardy-chair itſell, or e'en to ſit ben-inno the guidman upo' the beſt bink o' the houſe: I believe an honeſter fallow never brack the nook o' a corter, nor cuttit a fang

Digitized by Google

frae a kebbuck, wi' a whittle that lies i' the quinzie o' the maun oner the claith.

The ſecond chiel was a thick, ſetterel, ſwown pallach, wi' a great chuller oner his cheeks, like an ill ſcraped haggis: he's now gane back to London, an' I'm ſeer gin ye'll tak' the pains to ſin him out, an' flae him belly-flaught, his ſkin wad mak' a gallant tulchin for you: bat I canna ſay I had any cauſe to wiſh the body ill, for he did gaylies confeirin, only he connach'd a hantle o' tobacco; for deil belickit did he the hale gate bat feugh at his pipe: an' he was ſae browden'd upon't, that he was like to ſmore us a' i' the coach wi' the very ewder o't: bat yet he was a fine gabby, auld-farren carly, and held us browly out o' langer bi' the rod.

The third was an auld, wizen'd, haave coloured carlen, a ſad gyſard indeed, an' as baul' as ony ettercap: we had been at nae great tinſel apieſt we had been quit o' her; for diel a maik to her that e'er you ſaw: for altho' you had ſeen her yourſell, you wou'd na' hae kent fat to mak' o' her, unleſs it had been a gyr-carlen, or to ſet her up amon' a curn air bear to fley awa' the ruicks: Jidge ye gin we had na' bony company!

But

Digitized by Google

But there was ſomething war na' a this yet, the diel a drap guid ale cou'd we get upo' the rod; I canna tell you fat diel was the matter wi't, gin the wort was blinket, or fat it was, bat you ne'er ſaw ſik peltry i' your born days; for it taſted ſweet i' your mou, bat ſan anes it was down your wizen, it had an ugly knaggim, an' a wauch wa-gang: an' ſyne the head o't was as yallow as bieſt milk; it was enough to gi' a warſh- ſtamack'd body a ſcunner; bat ye ken well enough that I was never werra o-gertfu': bat for a that we came browlies o' the rod, till we came within a mile of Godlamin, a little townie upo' the rod; an' ſyne, on a ſuddenty, our great gilligapous fallow o' a coach-man turned o'er our gallant cart amon' a heap o' ſhirrels an' peat-mow, an' flang her upo' her bred-ſide i' the gutter: my ſide happen'd to be newmoſt, an' the great hudderen carlen was riding hockerty-cockerty upo' my ſhoulders in a hand-clap: for the wild limmer was ſae dozen'd an' funied wi' cauld, that ſhe had neither farrach nor maughts; for ſhe tumbled down upo' me wi' ſik a reimis, that ſhe gart my head cry knoit upo' the coach door; I wat ſhe rais'd a norlick on my crown that wis nae well for twa days. By this time the gutters was comin in at the coach-door galore, an' I was lying

Digitized by Google

taavin an' wamlin under lucky-minny like a ſturdy hoggie that had fa'en into a peat-pot, or a ſtirkie that had ſtaver'd into a well-eye: faul man, I began to think be this time that my diſty-meiller was near made, an' wad hae gien twice fourty-pennies to hae had the gowan oner my feet again; for, thinks I, an' the horſe tak' a brattle now, they may come to lay up my mittens, an' ding me yavil an' as ſtyth as gin I had been elf-ſhot: Bat the thing that anger'd me warſt awa was, to be ſae fair gnidg'd by a chanler-chafted auld runk carlen; for an it had been a tyddie, cauller, ſwack penny-worth, I might hae chanc'd to get a mens o' her, an' gotten a ride on her again, gin ſhe had been neiperly: Bat to mak' a lang tale ſhort, I gat out oner the wife, an clam out at the t'ither door o' the coach, as gin I had been gaen out at the lum o' a houſe that wanted baith crook an' rantle-tree. Saul man, ye may laugh at me fan ye read this, bat I wat it was na' mows, for I was fidgen fain an' unco' vokie fan I gat out oner her, for as laggart an' trachel'd as I was wi' taavin amo' the dubs; I believe gin ye had ſeen me than (for it was juſt i' the glomin) ſtaakin about like a hallen-ſhaker, you wou'd hae taen me for a water-wraith, or ſome gruous ghaiſt; bat I'm ſeer you wou'd hae

Digitized by Google

hae laughin fair, gin ye had ſeen how the auld hag gloffed fan ſhe fell down after I gat out oner her; fowever twa or three o's winfree'd the wife, an' gat her out. Fan we wis a' out, the vile tarveal ſleeth o' a coach-man began to yark the peer beaſts ſae, that you wou'd hae heard the ſough o' ilka thudd afore it came down; but a' this wou'd na' dee; ſometimes the breaſt-woddies, an' ſometimes the theets brak, and the ſwingle-trees flew in ſlinders, as gin they had been as freugh as kail-caſtacks; ſyne ilka a thing gaed widderſins about wi' us: at laſt we, like fierdy follows, flew to't ſlaught-bred, thinkin to raiſe it in a widden-dream; bat ſaul we wis miſtane, for we cou'd na' budge it: at the laſt an' the lang came up twa three ſwankies riding at the hand-gallop, garring the dubs flee about them like ſpeen-drift, an' they ſeein us taavin an' workin ſae eident, ſpeird fat wis the matter wi' us; for fan they ſaw us a' in a bourach, they had ſome allaguſt that ſome miſhanter had befaln us; fowever they wou'd na' take ony fittinin-ment wi' our buſineſs, till we ſpeerd gin they wou'd lend us a hand to winfree our coach; ſaul the lads wis nae very driech a-drawin, bat lap in amo' the dubs in a handclap; I'm ſeer ſome o' them wat the ſma' end o' their moggan: ſyne we

Digitized by Google

laid our heads together, an' at it wi' virr; at laſt, wi' great pechin an' granin, we gat it up wi' a pingle. By this time it wis growing mark, an' about the time o' night that the boodies begin to gang; an' as I was in a ſwidder fat to dee, I wou'd na' gang into the coach agen, far fear I ſhou'd hae gotten my harns kleckit out, or ſome o' my banes broken or dung a-ſmaſh; o' the tither hand I did na' care to ſtilp upo' my queets, far fear o' the briganers; an', mair attour, I did na' na' care to bachle my new ſheen: ſowever the lieftenant an' I ventured o' the rod: for ye ken well enough, we, bein wat, wou'd ſoon grow davert to ſtand or ſit either i' the cauld that time o' night: an' we cou'd na' get a chiel to ſhaw us the gate, alpuiſt we had kreiſh'd his lief wi' a ſhillin; bat be guid luck we anter'd browlies upo' the rod, an' left the auld gabby carly, an' the hudderen wife, to help the leethfu' leepit ſleeth o' a coach-man to yoke his horſe; for mony a time did he bid diel confound him frae neck to hell, or elſe ſheet him ſtyth that he might na' dee o' dwinin. O man, an ye had ſeen ſow laggert the auld-farren body was afore he gat the runk carlen hame to our lodgin; wae worth me bat ye wou'd hae hard the peer burſen belchs whoſlin like a horſe i' the ſtrangle

Digitized by Google

ſtrangle a riglength e'er you came near them; an' ſyne the auld wife complain'd ſae upo' her banes, that you wou'd hae thought ſhe had been in the dead-thraw in a weaven after ſhe came in: guid feggs I was fley'd that ſhe had taen the wytenon-ſa, an' inlakit afore ſipper; far ſhe ſhudder'd a' like a klippert in a cauld day.

There happen'd to be i' the houſe we came to lodge in, three young giglet hiſſies, an' they were like to piſh their houghs fan they ſaw how blubber'd an' droukit the peer wary-draggels war fan they came in; far ye wou'd hae thought that the yerd-meel had been upo' their face: There wis ane o' the queans, I believe, had eaſten a lagengird; the tither wis a haave colour'd ſmeerleſs tapie, wi' a great haſſick o' hair hingin in twapennerts about her haffats; ſhe looked ſae allagrugous that a bodie wou'dna hae car'd to meddle wi' her apiece they had been hir'd to dee't; bat the third wis a cauller, ſwack bit o' beef, as mirkie as maukin at the ſtart, an' as wanton as a ſpeanin lamb. I believe ſhe was a leel maiden, an' I canna ſay bat I had a kirnen wi' her, an' a kine o' a harlin favour for her; bat did na' care for bein' o'er browden'd upon her at firſt, far fear ſhe ſhou'd ſay that

Digitized by Google

that I was new-fangle; fowever I took her by the bought o' the gardy, an' gar'd her ſit down by me; bat ſhe bad me had aff my hands, far I miſgrugled a' her apron, an' miſmaggl'd a' her cocker-nony: I canna' ſay bat I wou'd hae been content to hae a pight o' her i' the kill-hole, altho' I had nae mair claiſe bat a ſpraing'd faikie, or a riach plaidie to hap our hurdies; bat I had na ſet her well down by me, till in came ſik a rangel o' gentles, and a lithry o' hanziel ſlyps at their tail, that in a weaven the houſe wis gaen like Lawren-fair; for you wou'd na' hae hard day nor door; fyne the queans was in ſik a firry-farry, that they began to miſca' ane anither like kail wives, an' you wou'd hae thought that they wou'd hae flown in ither's witters in a hand-clap: I was anes gain to ſpeer fat was the matter, bat I ſaw a curn o' camla-like fallows wi' them, an' I thought they were a' fremit to me, an' ſae they might eat ither as Towy's hawks did, for ony thing that I car'd; far, thinks I, an' I ſou'd be ſae gnib as middle wi' the thing that did nae brak my taes, ſome o' the chiels might lat a raught at me, an' gi' me a clamihewit to ſnib me frae comin that gate agen. At laſt ane o' the hiſſies came an' ſpeerd at me gin I wou'd hae a bit o' a roaſted grycie, or a piece o' a

bacon

bacon haam (that is the hinder hurdies o' an auld ſwine) for ſipper; bat ye ken well enough that I was ne'er very browden'd upo' ſwine's fleſh, ſin my mither gae me a forlethie o't,'at maiſt hae gi'en me the gulſach; an' ſae I tauld her I rather hae the leomen of an auld ewe, or a bit o' a dead nout. By this time, it wis time to mak the meel-an-bree, an' deel about the caſtacks, bat diel a word o' that cou'd I hear i' this houſe; well thinks I, an' this be the gate o't I'll better gang to my bed as i'm boden: ſan they ſaw that, they ſent in ſome ſmachry or ither to me, an' a pint of their ſcuds, as ſowr as ony bladoch or wigg that comes out o' the reem-kirn; ſar they thought ony thing might ſair a peer body like me; bat the leave o' the gentles wis drinkin' wine a' fouth, tho' I might nae ſa' that: Bat, to mak' an end o' a lang ſtory, I made ſhift to mak' a ſipper o't, an' gaed to my bed like a guid bairn, an' the nieſt mornin' they had me up afore the ſky, an' I believe afore the levrick or yern-bliter began to ſing, an' hurl'd me awa to Portſmouth.

Gin ye like this piece o' my journal, I care na by to ſen' you a weekly journal, in caſe I binna thrang; bat my fingers are ſae davert wi' the cauld,

Digitized by Google

cauld, that I canna write langer at this time; but fan this comes to hand, I hope you'll be fae kind as let us hear frae you. Adieu dryly, we fall drink fan we meet.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

SHOP BILL.

TO ilk body be it kend,
Frae Johnnie Groat's to the Land's-end,
That frae this day I do intend
Some ſhanks to ſell;
This is my bill, to you I ſend
That it may tell:

That if you chance for me to ſpeer,
I'll fit you weel wi' doughty geer
That either knabbs or lairds may weer,
And ladies tee,
For ilka ſeaſon i' the year,
As ye ſhall ſee.

An' firſt o' hoſe I hae a' fouth,
Some frae the North, ſome frae the South,
An' ſome o' our ain quintry growth,
Baith grae an' ruſſet,
Wi' different clocks, bat yet in truth
We ca'it guſhet.

An' mair attour I'll tell you trow,
That a' the moggans are bran new;
Some worſted are o' different hue,
An' ſome are cotton,
That's

Digitized by Google

That's ſafter far na' ony woo
That grows on mutton.

Bat if ſome lads ſou'd ſtand in need
Of ſhanks that are for ſimmer weed,
I'll fit them wi' the beſt o' threed,
Or white or brown,
That may well ſair the gentleſt bleed
In a' the town.

The muckleſt man, he may be fitted
Wi' hoſe that's either wove or knitted,
An', gin he likes, he's get them litted,
Or brown or black;
We'll gar him ſay he's nae outwitted,
Fan he comes back.

The porter, car-man, or ſervant lad,
That ca's the beaſt wi' ſup or gad,
May come to me, where may be had,
For their nain wear,
The ſtarkeſt hoſe that can be made,
An' yet nae dear.

Far wary-draggle, an' ſharger elf,
I hae the gear upo' my ſkelf,
Will make them ſoon lay down their pelf,
Fan anes they ſee,
That they wi' eaſe can fit themſelves,
An' deal wi' me.

Frae

Digitized by Google

Frae ladies to a ſervant wench,
I can well fit them ilka inch,
An' if they're fley'd that they ſhou'd pinch,
I'll try them on;
Perhaps I may their greening ſtench,
'Ere I hae done.

Red, blue, an' green, an' likewiſe pearl;
I hae to fit the little girl;
An' ſome for thoſe that tak' a tirl
Amo' the ſheets,
Wi' mony a bony tirly-wirl
About the queets.

The ladies that do tak' their pleaſure,
An' wi' true travel win their treaſure,
If that they hae ſae muckle leiſure
On me to call,
I'll fit exactly to their meaſure,
Baith great an' ſmall.

Beſides I'd hae you underſtand,
That I hae caps upo' demand,
An' gloves likewiſe, to hap the hand
Of fremt an' ſib.
An' napkins, as good's in a' the land,
To dight your nib.

Digitized by Google

Now by my bill you plainly ſee,
That great an' ſma' can fitted be:
Come then flock ſtraught, bred unto me,
An' buy my ſhanks,
You may be ſure that I will gie
A warld o' thanks.

I likewiſe tell you by this bill,
That I do live upo' Tower-hill,
Hard by the houſe o' Robie Mill,
Juſt i' the nuik,
Ye canna' miſt whene'er you will,
The ſign's a buik.

O ſi nunc juvenes & puellæ
Wou'd flock in, like *micantes ſtellæ*,
Tum mihi ſuavius erit melle,
When, frae the thrang,
The clink that haps baith back an' belly,
I tell ding dang.

Sed denique, it is uncommon
To ſend a bill that mentions no man,
Ut finem huicce ſtory *ponam*,
Sit notum vobis,
Simmer an' winter, *hoc eſt nomen*,
I mean ROB. FORBES.

A

Digitized by Google

A KEY;

OR

Explanation of the hard Words contained in AJAX's Speech and the JOURNAL;

Alphabetically digeſted.

A

ATRY	Stern, grim
Arſelins	Backwards
Allaguſt	Suſpicion
Anter'd	Saunter'd, hit upon
Allagrugous	Grim, ghaſtly

B

Bourachs	Rings, circles
Bouden'd	Swell'd
Bruilzie	Scuffle, quarrel
Bicker	Rattle
Batie	Maſtiff
Bourd	Meddle, contend
Brinns	Rays, beams
Boukſome graith	Bulky accoutrements
Beeked	Warm'd
Ben-inno	Within, beyond
Bink	A ſeat of plaiſter
Browden'd	Fond, enamour'd
Blinket	Sowr'd, ſpoil'd
Bieſt milk	Milk from a new calved cow

Digitized by Google

Budge	Stir, move
Boodies	Ghoſts, goblins, &c.
Briganers	Robbers, thieves
Bachle	Wrench, diſtort
Burſen belchs	Breathleſs wretches
Bladoch	Butter-milk

C

Chaft-taak	Talking, prattling
Crous	Bold, ſtout
Cuinzie	Coin
Cappit	Touchy, quarrelſome
Caircleuk	Left hand
Cleikit	Caught in the fang
Coutchack	Cleareſt part of the fire
Chuller	Double chin
Confeirin	Conſidering
Connach'd a hantle	Spoil'd much
Curn air-bear	Parcel of early barley
Caſten a lagen gird	Bore a child
Camla-like	Sullen, ſurly
Clamehewit	Stroke, a drubbing

D

Dowy	Diſmal
Dwang'd	Bow'd, decrepid
Dwame	Qualm, fainting
Doited	Stupified
Dird	Thump, box
Dacker'd	Engaged, grappl'd
Deil-be-licket	Nothing
Dozen'd	Benumb'd
Diſty meiller	Made an end of, laſt meal made of the crop
Ding me yavil	Lay me flat
Driech	Slow, ſlack
Dung a-ſmaſh	Beat to powder
Davert	Cold, benumb'd
Dwinin	Lingering illneſs
Droukit	Bedaub'd, beſmear'd

Ewder

Digitized by Google

E

Ewder	Blaze, ſcorching heat
Ettled at	Aim'd at
Etion	Kindred, genealogy
Eident	Buſy, diligent
Ettercap	Venomous ſpider, a waſp

F

Fittininment	Concern, footing in
Flaught-bred	Briſkly, fiercely
Farrer ben	Be more favour'd
Fud	Tail, back-ſide
Fey	Doom'd to die
Ferter-like	Like a little fairy
Furhow	Forſake
Fleg	Fright
Foal'd	Born
Fair-fuir-days	Broad-day-light
Feckleſs	Of no effect, value
Farrach	Strength, ſubſtance
Futtle-haft	Handle of a knife
Forfoughen	Fatigu'd, toil'd
Forby me	Beſides me
Fang	Slice
Flay belly-ſtaught	Skinn'd over head like a ſiarc
Feugh	Whif
Flinders	In pieces, ſplinters
Freugh	Frail, brittle
Fierdy	Fierce, ſtout
Forlethie	Surfeit

G

Gardies	Arms
Glomin-time	Twilight
Glaik	Cheat
Gutcher	Grand-father
Gnidge	Squeeze, preſs down
Gou'd in goupins	Gold in handfuls
Gnib	Ready, quick
Glyde	An old horſe

Digitized by Google

Gleg	Bright, ſharp
Glourin	Staring
Gully	Weapon
Glacked my mitten	Put caſh in my hand, gratifi-ed me
Gauey	Jolly, plump
Gardy-chair	Elbow-chair'
Gyſard	Harlequin, diſguiſed
Gillegapous	Half-witted, crack-brain'd
Galore	Plenty
Gruous ghaiſt	A grim, griſly ghoſt
Gloff'd	Shiver'd
Gulſach	Jaundice
	H
Hanny-grips	Cloſe-grapple
Hurly	Laſt
Hale-ware	Whole
Hirplin	Clenching, halting
Howk'd	Digg'd
Haw	Pale, wan
Happit	Skreen'd, cover'd
Hudge-mudge	Secretly, underhand
Hudderen	Hideous, ugly
Hallen-ſhaker	Sturdy-beggar
Harns	Brains
Haſſick	A great Beſom
Haffats	Chops, Cheeks
Hurdies	Buttocks, hipps
Hanziel-ſlyps	Uncouthly dreſſed, ugly fel-lows
	J
Jidge	Judge
Jouckry-pauckry	Roguery, Tricks
Ingle	A ſtrong fire
Inlakit	Died, breath'd her laſt
	K
Kneefeſt	Keeneſt, briſkeſt
Knoited	Claſh'd

Kavil

Digitized by Google

Kavil	Lot, ſhare
Kebbuck	A big cheeſe
Knaggim	*Gout*, bye-taſte
Kreiſh'd his lief	Greaſ'd his loof, his palm
Klippert	A ſhorn ſheep
Kirnen	Familiarity
	L
Lift	Firmament
Langel	Entangle
Laggert	Encumber'd
Leethfu'	Loathſome, dirty
Leepit	Meagre, thin
Lucky-minny	Grandam
Lay up my mittens	Beat out my brains
Liethry	Croud
Lowren-fair	A great market in Aberdeenſhire
Lat a raught	Aim a ſtroke
Leomen	Leg
	M
Maik	Match, equal
Muckle virr	Great force
Maughts	Might, ſtrength
Menſleſs	Greedy, covetous
Man	Muſt
Menzie	Croud, throng
Maughtleſs	Weak, ſickly
Mergh	Marrow
Maun	Bread-baſket
Mows	Sport, jeſt
Miſhanter	Diſaſter
Mirky as maukin	Merry as a hare
Miſgrugl'd	Rumpl'd, handled roughly
Miſmaggl'd	Spoil'd, put awry
Meel-an-bree	*vulgo*, Broſe
	N
Neef	Difficulty, doubt
Nidder'd	Plagu'd, warmly handled

Neipers

Digitized by Google

Neipers	Neighbours
Nevel	A box, blow with the fiſt
Newmoſt	Nethermoſt, beneath
Nolfick	A lump, ſwelling
	O
Oye	Grand-child
Ogertfu'	Nice, ſqueamiſh
	P
Proticks	Warlike deeds, atchievements
Phizz	Image, the *Palladium*
Propine	Gift, preſent
Prigg	Importune, ſue for
Pallach	Fat and ſhort, like a porpoiſe
Peltry	Vile traſh
Peat-mow	Peat-droſs, duſt
Peching	Puffing, breathing hard
Pingle	Difficulty, hardſy
	Q
Quinzie	Corner
Queets	Ancles
	R
Rangel	Croud, *omne gathrum*
Routh	Plenty, wealth
Ruicks	Crows
Reimis	Rumble, roar
Rantle-tree	End of a rafter or beam
Riach pladie	Dun ill-coloured plaid
	S
Shught	Sunk, covered
Staik	Stake, prize
Sleeth	Sloven
Scowder	Set on fire
Slocken'd	Quench'd
Swirl'd	Sail'd
Scouth	Room
Swidders	Doubt, heſitation
Skirle	Howl, ſhreik

Stewgs

Digitized by Google

Stewgs	Ruſty darts
Sakeleſs	Helpleſs, forſaken
Snell	Bitter, ſharp
Snibb	Chaſtiſed, frighted
Smeerleſs	Senſeleſs, thoughtleſs
Souple	Supple, agile
Spang	Spring
Shak a fa'	Wreſtle, grapple
Swack	Nimble
Setterel	Thick-fet, dwarfiſh
Swown	Swell'd
Smore	Smother, choak
Scimmer	Loathing, ſurfeit
Shirrels	Turf
Sturdy	Giddy, affected with a vertigo
Stirkie	Young ſteer or quey
Staver'd	Stagger'd
Sough	Sound
Speen-drift	Driving ſnow
Stilp	Stalk, walk
Sheet ſtyth	Shot ſtark dead
Spraing'd faikie	Old tartan plaid
Smachry	Traſh

T

Tedder'd	Anchor'd
Threeps	Allegations, falſhoods
Toulzies	Battles, engagements
Thirle	Thrill, pierce
Thol'd	Suffer'd, endur'd
Tyke	Dog
Thudd	Stroke, box
Tulchin	Budget
Tinſel	Loſs
Tawin	Wreſtling, tumbling
Tyddie	Plump, freſh
Trachel'd	Fatigued
Tarveal	Ill-natured, fretful

Vouft

Digitized by Google

V

Vouſt	Brag, vaunt

W

Weir	War
Weerded	Determined, foretold
Wamble	Tumble
Wimples	Cunning, wiles
Wizen'd	Wither'd, dry
Wizen	Throat
Waugh wa-ging	A very diſagreeable bye-taſte
Warſh ſtamack'd	Tender or watry ſtomach'd
Winfreed	Raiſed from the ground
Widderſins	Backwards, contrary to the courſe of the ſun
Widden-dream	All of a ſudden, with a vengeance
Whoſlin	Blowing, breathing hard
Weaven	Moment
Wytenonfa	Trembling, chattering
Witters	Throats, fallen foul of one another

Y

Yerded	Buried
Yerd	Earth
Yark	Strike, whip
Yerd-meal	Earth-mould, church-yard duſt
Yern-bliwer	A bird called a Snipe

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

THE DOMINIE DEPOS'D;

OR,

SOME REFLECTIONS

On his Intrigue with a young Lass, and what happened thereupon: Interspers'd with Advice to all School-masters, Precentors, and Dominies on *Dee-side*.

By WILLIAM FORBES, A. M. late School-master at *Petercoulter*.

With the SEQUEL.

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

IF this offend when you peruſe,
Pray, Reader, let this me excuſe,
Myſelf I only here accuſe,
Who am the cauſe
That e'er you had this piece of news
To ſplit your jaws.

For had I right the gully guided,
And wi' a wife myſelf provided,
To keep me from that wae betide it;
That's kent to a',
I'd ſtaid at home, or near beſide it;
Now that's awa'.

Be wiſer then, and do what's right,
And mind your buſineſs with might,
Leſt unexpected gloomy night
May you ſurround,
And mingle all your pleaſures bright
With grief profound.

And, bonny laſſes! mind this rhyme,
As true as three and ſix make nine,
If ye commit ye ken what crime,
And turn unwell,
The'll ſomething wamble in your wame,
Juſt like an eel.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE

DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

PART I.

SOME Dominies are ſo biaſs'd,
That o'er the dyke themſelves they caſt,
They drink, and rant, and live ſae faſt;
This drives them on
To draw a weapon at the laſt,
That ſticks Maſs *John*.

Thus going on from day to day,
Neglecting for to watch and pray,
And teach the little-anes *A*, *B*, *C*,
And *Pater Noſter*,
Quite other thoughts our Lettergae
Begins to foſter.

For, laying aſide baith fear and ſhame,
They ſlyly venture on that game,
All-fours, I think, they call't by name,
Baith auld and rife,
That in the play Maſs *John* is ſlain
With his awn knife.

Digitized by Google

It's kend; therefore, I will not ſtrive
My doughty deeds for to deſcrive;
A lightſome life ſtill did I drive,
Did never itch,
By out and in abouts to thrive,
Or to make ritch.

I never laid it up in ſtore,
Into a hole behind the door;
A ſhilling, penny, leſs or more,
I did it ſcatter;
It's juſt now I ſhould drink, therefore,
Small beer or water.

I never ſooner money got,
But all my poutches it would plot,
And ſcorch them ſore, it was ſae hot;
Then to get clear
Of it, I ſweel'd it down my throat
In ale or beer.

Thus, all my failing was my glaſs;
And, once to pleaſe a bonny laſs,
I, like a ſilly amorous aſs,
Drew forth my gully,
And thro' and thro' at the firſt paſs
Ran Mr *Willy*.

So

Digitized by Google

So for this mad, tho' merry fit,
I was ſore vex'd and forc'd to flit,
They plagu'd me ſo with pay and ſit;
Quoth they, you thief,
How durſt you try to ſteal a bit
Forbidden beef?

O then I humbly plead that *vos*
Would make it your continual *mos*,
With hearts ſincere and open *os*,
You'd often pray,
A tali malo libera nos,
O Domine.

For, hark I'll tell you what they think,
Since I left handling pen and ink,
Wae worth that weary ſup of drink
He lik'd ſo well!
He drank it a', left not a clink
His throat to ſweel.

He lik'd ſtill ſitting on his doup,
To view the pint or cutty-ſtoup,
And ſometimes laſſes over-coup
Upo' their keels,
This made my lad at length to loup,
And take his heels.

Digitized by Google

Then was it not a grand preſumption,
To call him Doctor of the function?
He dealt too much in barley-unction
For his profeſſion;
He never took a good injunction
Frae kirk or ſeſſion.

And to attend he was not willing
His ſchool, ſae lang's he had a ſhilling,
But lov'd to be where there was filling
Good punch or ale;
For him to riſe was juſt like killing,
Or firſt to fail.

His fiſhing-wand, his ſniſhin-box,
A fowling-piece to ſhoot muir-cocks,
And hunting hares thro' craigs and rocks,
This was his game;
Still left the young anes, ſo the fox
Might worry them.

When he committed all theſe tricks,
For which he well deſerv'd his licks,
With red-coats he did intermix,
When he foreſaw
The puniſhment the kirk inflicts
On fouks that fa'.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then to his thrift he bid adieu,
When with his tail he ſtap'd his mou',
He chang'd his coat to red and blue,
And, like a ſot,
Did the poor clerk convert into
A Royal Scot.

And now fouks uſe me at their wills,
My name is blown out o'er the hills,
At banquets, feaſts, all mouths it fills,
'Twixt each Here's ti' thee,
'Tis ſore traduc'd at kills and mills,
And common ſmithy.

Then Dominies, I you beſeech,
Keep very far from *Bacchus'* reach,
He drowned all my cares to preach
With his malt-bree,
I've wore ſair banes by mony a bleach
Of his tap-tree:

If *Venus* does poſſeſs your mind,
Her anticks ten times worſe you'll find,
For to ill tricks ſhe's ſo inclin'd;
For proticks paſt,
She blew me here before the wind;
Cauld be her caſt!

Digitized by Google

Within years leſs than half a dozen,
She made poor *Maggy* lie in gizzen,
When little *Jack* broke out of priſon
On good Yule-day,
This of my quiet cut the wizen,
When he wan gae.

Let Readers, then, take better heed,
For fear they kiſs more than they read,
In caſe they wear the ſacken-weed
For fornication,
Or leave the Prieſt-craft ſhot a-dead
For procreation.

The moſt of them, like blind and lame,
Have no averſion to the game;
But better 'twere to take her hame,
Their pot to cook,
And teach the boys to write a theme,
And mind their book.

Then may they ſit at hame, and pleaſe
Themſelves with gathering in their fees,
Whilſt I muſt face mine enemies,
Or ſhaw my dock;
There's odds 'twixt handling pens with eaſe
And a firelock.

So

Digitized by Google

So ſhall they never mount the ſtool,
Whereon the laſſes greet and howl,
Tho' de'il a tear ſcarce fair or foul
Comes o'er their cheeks;
Their mind's not there, 'tis ſpinning wool,
Or mending breeks.

The Kirk then pardons no ſuch prots,
They muſt tell down good five pounds *Scots*,
Tho' they ſhould pledge their petticoats,
And gae arſe-bare;
The leaſt price there is twenty groats,
And prigging fair.

If then the lad does not her wed,
Poor *Mag* ſome feigned tears maun ſhed,
Her minny crooks her mou' and dad;
They fart and fling;
"Wae's me that e'er I made the bed,"
Then does ſhe ſing.

Thus for her maidenhead ſhe moans,
Bewailing what is paſt:
Her pitcher's daſh'd againſt the ſtones,
And broken is at laſt.

PART II.

Digitized by Google

PART II.

ALL maids, therefore, I do bemoan,
Betwixt the rivers *Dee* and *Don*,
If once they get o' lick o' yon,
Tho' by the laird,
The toy-mutch maun then gae on,
Nae mair bare-hair'd.

Yet wanton *Venus*, that ſhe-bitch,
Does all our ſenſes ſo bewitch,
And fires our blood with ſik an itch,
That oftentimes
There is no help but to commit
Some ill-far'd crimes.

Yet ſome they are ſo very willing,
At any time they'll take a ſhilling,
But he that learn't them firſt the ſpelling,
Or *Meg* or *Nell*,
Be ſure, to him they'll lay an egg in;
This ſome can tell.

Unthinking

Unthinking things! it is their creed,
If ſome ſuch things be done with ſpeed,
They're ſafe, 'tis help in time of need,
No after-claps;
Tho' nine months oft bring quick or dead
Into their laps.

Experience thus makes me ſpeak,
I once was hooked with the cleek,
And almoſt had beſhit my breek,
When *Maggie* told,
That, by her ſaul, not even a week
Young *Jack* would hold.

She was ſo ſtiff ſhe cou'd na lout;
Your prats, ſhe ſays, are now found out,
The kirk and you maun hae a bout;
Ill mat ye fare!
'Tis a' yo ur ain, you need na doubt,
Ilk hilt and hair.

Alas! that e'er I ſaw your face,
I cannot longer hide the caſe;
Had I foreſeen this ſad diſgrace,
Nae man, nor you,
Should e'er hae touch'd my ſik a place,
Or kiſs'd my mou',

Digitized by Google

O Dominie, you're diſpoſſeſt,
You have beſhit your holy neſt,
The warld ſees you have tranſgreſt,
I'm at my time,
You dare no more now, do your beſt,
Lat gae the rhime.

Ohon! how well I might have kent,
When firſt to you I gave conſent,
With me to make your merriment,
How a' would be;
Alas! that e'er my loom I lent
That day to thee.

Wo to the night I firſt began
To mix my meggans with thee, man!
'Tis needleſs now to curſe or ban,
Bat de'il hae me,
You'll pay and ſit for ſit-me-can,
And that you'll ſee.

I heard her as I heard her not,
But time and place had quite forgot;
I gueſs'd my piece was in the pot;
For I could tell,
It was too ſhort her petticoat,
By half an ell.

With

Digitized by Google

With bludder'd cheeks and watry noſe,
Her weary ſtory ſhe did cloſe;
I ſaid the beſt, and off I goes
Juſt like a thief,
And took a glaſs to interpoſe
'Twixt mirth and grief.

Yet would have gi'en my half year's fee,
Had *Maggy* then been jeſting me,
And tartan-purry, meal and bree,
Or butt'ry broſe,
Been kilting up her petticoats
Aboon her hoſe.

But time that tries ſuch proticks paſt,
Brought me out o'er the coals fu' faſt;
Poor *Maggy* took a ſudden blaſt,
And o'er did tumble,
For ſomething in her wame at laſt
Began to rumble.

Our fouk call'd it the windy gravel,
That grips the guts beneath the navel,
But loath was ſhe for to unravel
Their groſs miſtake;
Well kent ſhe, that ſhe was in travel
With little *Jack*.

But,

But, to put matters out of doubt,
Young *John* within wou'd fain be out,
And but and ben made ſik a rout
With hands and feet,
That ſhe began twa-fald about
The houſe to creep.

Then dool and ſorrow interveen'd,
For *Jack* no longer could be ſcreen'd;
My laſs upon her breaſt ſhe lean'd,
And ſo ſhe ſkirl'd;
The canny wives came there conveen'd,
All in a whirl.

They wrought together in a croud;
By this time I was under cloud,
Yet by and bye I underſtood,
They made one more;
For *Jack* he tun'd his pipe, and loud
With cries did roar.

Wi' that they blam'd the ſeſſion-clark;
Where is the lown hid in the dark,
For he's the father of this wark?
Swore to his mither,
He's juſt as like him as a lark
Is like anither.

About

Digitized by Google

About me then there was a din,
They fought me out through thick and thin,
With de'il hae her, and de'il hae him,
He's o'er the dyke;
Our Dominie has now dung in
His arſe a pike.

You may well judge I was right ſwear,
This uncouth meeting to draw near,
Yet forc'd I was for to appear,
Somewhat perplex'd;
But liſten how, and ye ſhall hear,
The hags me vex'd.

The carlings *Maggy* had ſo cleuked
Before young *Jack* was rightly hooked,
They made her twice as little bouked;
But to go on,
O then! how like a fool I looked,
When I ſaw *John*.

The cummer then came to me bent,
And gravely did my ſon preſent;
She bad me kiſs him, be content,
Then wiſh'd me joy;
And told it was what luck had ſent,
A waly boy.

Digitized by Google

In ilka member, lith and limb,
Its mouth, its nose, its cheek, its chin,
'Tis a' like dady, just like him,
His very self,
Tho' it look'd cankerd, sowr and grim
As ony elf.

Then whispering low to me she harked,
Indeed your hips they should be yarked,
No more Mass *John*, nor dare you clark it:
Faith you ha'e ca'd
Your hogs unto a bonny market,
Indeed, my lad!

But tell me, man, I should say master,
What muckle de'il in your way chas'd her;
Lowns baith! but I think I hae plac'd her
Now on her side,
My coming here has not disgrac'd her,
At the Yule-tide.

And for yourself, you dare not look
Hereafter ever on a book,
Your mou about the psalms to crook;
You've play'd the fool,
Another now your post maun bruik,
And you the stool.

She

She bann'd her ſaul, and then ſhe bleſt it,
In the kirk-book it would be liſted,
And thus the weary wife inſiſted,
Our Lettergae
Will ſit where he will not be piſh'd at
By dogs ſome day.

She wrung her hands until they cracked,
And ſadly me ſhe ſham'd and lacked,
Ah man! the prieſt, how will he tak it,
When he hears tell;
How *Maggy*'s mitten ye hae glacket,
Ye ken yourſel!

The ſeſſion-clark to play ſuch prankies;
You'll ſtand, I fear, upon your ſhankies,
And may be ſlaver in the brankies;
It could not miſs,
But lifting *Maggy*'s killimankies
Would come to this.

A toothleſs houdy, auld and teugh,
Says, Cummer, huſht, we ha'e enough,
Thirſh mony ane has touch'd the pleugh,
Aſh guid aſh he,
And yetch gane backlench o'er the heugh,
Shae lat him be.

Digitized by Google

Hath not the firſht, tho' heſh book-lear'd,
That you ken what they have creept near't,
For you and I haſh oftimes heard
Of nine or ten,
Who thuſh the clergy haſh beſhmear'd
With their own pen.

The auld mou'd wives thus did me taunt,
Tho' a' was true, I needs muſt grant;
But ae thing maiſtly made me faint,
Poor *Meg* lay ſtill,
And look'd as looſome as a ſaint
That knew nae ill.

Then all the giglets young and gaudy,
Sware by their ſauls I might be wady,
For getting ſik a luſty ladie,
God ſave the chiel!
But O! thought I, the ſhool and ſpady
Wou'd fit him well.

Thus every wife her verdict had,
'Bout *Maggy*'s being brought to bed,
I thought my ſill, yet little ſaid,
Or had to ſay,
To reap the fruit of ſik a trade
On good Yule-day.

What

Digitized by Google

What ſometimes in the mou' is ſweet,
Turns bitter in the wame;
I grumbl'd fair to get the geet,
At ſik a merry time.

PART III.

NOW *Meggy*'s twaſome in a ſwoon,
A council held condemns the lown,
The cuſhle-muſhle thus went roun,
Our bonny clark,
He'll get the dud and ſacken gown,
That ugly ſark.

Conſider, Sirs, now this his crime,
'Tis not like her's, or your's, or mine;
He's juſt next thing to a divine,
And now 'tis odd,
Sik men ſhould a' their ſenſes tine,
And fear of God.

'Tis ſtrange what makes kirk-fouks ſo ſtupid,
To make or meddle with the ſucait;
Or mint to preach in ſik a pupit;
The ſenſeleſs fools,
Far better for them hunt the touchit,
Or teach their ſchools.

Digitized by Google

They hunt about from houſe to houſe,
Juſt as a taylor hunts a louſe,
Still girding at the barley-juice,
And oft get drunk,
They plump into ſome open ſluice,
Where all is ſunk.

A plague upo' that oil o' malt,
That dreary drink is a' their fault,
It made our Dominie to halt;
The text fulfil,
Which bids caſt out the ſareleſs ſaut
On the dunghill.

They are ſo fed, they lie ſo ſaft,
They are ſo hain'd, they grow ſo daft;
This breeds ill wiles, ye ken fu' aft,
In the black coat,
Till poor Maſs *John*, and the prieſt-craft
Goes ti' the pot.

I told them, then, it was but wicked
To add affliction to th' afflicted,
But to it they were ſo addicted,
They ſaid, therefore,
The clout about me would be pricked
At the kirk-door.

Digitized by Google

But yet nor kirk nor conſterie,
Quo' they, can aſk the tandy fee;
Tell them in words, juſt twa or three,
The de'il a plack,
For tarry-breeks ſhould ay go free,
And he's the clark.

I then was dumb; how was I griev'd?
What wou'd I gi'en to been reliev'd?
They us'd me worſe than I had thiev'd;
Some ſtrain'd their lungs,
And very loud they me miſchiev'd
With their ill tongues.

Had you been there to hear and ſee,
The manner how they guidded me,
And greater penance who could dree?
A Lettergae
Wi' ſuch a pack confin'd to be,
On good Yule-day.

Young *Jack* with ſkirls he pierc'd the ſkies,
I pray'd that death might cloſe his eyes,
But did not meet with that ſurpriſe,
To my regrete,
She had no help, but up and cries
Het drinks to get.

This

This laid her din; the drink was ſtale,
And to't they gaed with teeth and nail;
And wives whoſe rotten tuſks did fail
With bread and cheeſe,
They birl'd fu' faſt at butter'd ale
To gie them eaſe.

They call upon me, then, Dadda,
Come tune your fiddle, play us a
Jigg or hornpipe, nae mair *ſol fa*,
My boony cock!
The kirk and you maun pluck a fa'
About young *Jock*.

Play up, Sae merry as ye hae been,
Or, Wat ye what ye got the ſtreen,
Or, Laſs will ye lend me your leem?
Or Sups of Brandy;
Or, Gin the kirk wad lat's alane,
Or, Houghmagandy.

Such tunes as theſe, yea, three or four,
They called for, ill mat they cour!
Play, cries the cummer, with a glowr,
The wanton towdy,
Who did the Dominie ding o'er,
Jull heels o'er gowdy.

Digitized by Google

Of muſic I had little ſkill,
But as I could, I play'd fu' ill,
It was my beſt to ſhow good-will;
Yet a' my drift
Was, beſt how I might win the hill
The wives to ſhift.

The Lettergae thus play'd the fool,
And ſhifted the repenting ſtool,
To kirk and ſeſſions bids good-day,
When o'er the hills and far away.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE SEQUEL.

NOW loving friends I have you left,
You know I neither ſtole nor reft,
But when I found myſelf infeft
In a young *Jack*,
I did reſolve to change the haft
For that miſtak.

And reaſons more I had enow',
For I had neither horſe nor cow;
My ſtock took wings, and aff it flew,
So all was gone;
And de'il a flie had I was new,
Except young *John*.

Too oft, my thriſty throat to cool,
I went to viſit the punch bowl,
Which makes me now wear reddiſh wool
Inſtead of black;
Or I muſt foot the cutty-ſtool,
With de'il a plack.

The

The chappin-ſtoup, the pint and gill,
Too oft I cauſed for to fill,
Ay loving thoſe who cou'd ſit ſtill,
And weet the mouth,
Ne'er minding that the *Tullo-hill*
Leads people ſouth.

O! but the loving laird *Kingſwells*,
My bleſſings flow till his foot ſwells,
Long life to him what e'er befalls,
God be his guide!
He's cur'd a thouſand thriſty ſauls,
And mine beſide.

O had I but thoſe days again,
Which I ſo freely ſpent in vain,
I'd ſtrive ſome better for to ken
What future chance
Should blow me here out o'er the main,
And ſo near *France*.

But ſince I'm aff ſo many a mile,
There's nothing got without ſome toil,
I'll wait; croſs fortune once may ſmile,
Come want, come woe,
And take a pint in the mean time,
To *Heldon*'s health.

Digitized by Google

So for a time, friends, fare ye well,
My pot companions, true and leel,
I wish you all a merry Yule,
Much mirth and glee,
No more young *Jacks* into the creel
That day for me.

POLEMO.

Digitized by Google

POLEMO-MIDDINIA,

Inter * Vitârvam et † Nebernam.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highiſſima monte Fifea,
Seu vos Pittenweema tenent, ſeu Crelia crofta,
Sive Anſtrea domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlineuſque ingens, ubi fleuccæ et ſkettæ perer-
rant
Per coſtam et ſcopulos, lobſter monifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis:
Et vos ſkipperii, ſoliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foras, iterumque redire,
Linquite ſkellatas bottas, ſhippaſque picatas,
Whiſtlanteſque ſimul fechtam memorate bloodeam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda deum, quoque nympharum cockleſhelearum;
Maia ubi ſheepifeda, et ſolgooſifera Baſſa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edinum
Poſtabat radiis maddidis et ſhouribus atris,
* * * * * * * * * * *
Quo viſo, ad fechtæ noiſam cecidere volucres;
At terram cecidere grues, pliſh-plaſhque dedere

E Solgooſæ

* *The Lady Scotſtarvet.* † *The Lady Newbarns.*

Digitized by Google

Solgooſæ in pelago prope littora Brunteliana;
Seaſutor obſtupuit, ſummique in margine ſaxi
Scartavit præluſtre caput, wingaſque flappavit.
Quodque magis, alte volitans heronius ipſe
Ingeminans clig-clag mediis ſhitavit in undis.

Namque a principio ſtoriam tellabimus omnem.
Muckreilium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipſas ante feneſtras.
Quod ſi forte ipſa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant Geordy Aikenheadus, et Rob Littlejohnus,
Et Jamy Richæus, et ſtout Michael Henderſonus,
Qui gillitrips ante alios danſare ſolebat,
Et bobbare bene, et laſſas kiſſare bonæas;
Duncan Oliphantus, valde ſtalvartus, et ejus
Filius eldeſtus, jollyboyus atque oldmoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gado drivare ſolebat;
Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutcheon,
Et plouky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque inknee'd Alſhinder Aitkin,
Et Willy Dick, heavy-arſtus homo, pigerrimus omnium,

Qui

Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare; ſed hunc Corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Inſuper hic aderant Tom Taylor, et Henry Watſonus,
Et Tomy Gilchriſtus, et fool Jocky Robinſonus,
Andrew Alſhenderus, et Jamy Tomſonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(De'il ſtick it! ignoro nomen) ſlavry-beardius homo,
Qui pottas dightavit, et aſſas jecerat extra.
Denique præ reliquis Geordæum affatur, et inquit,
Geordi mi formanne! inter ſtoutiſſimus omnes,
Huc ades, et crookſaddelos, hemmaſque, creleſque,
Brechemmeſque ſimul omnes bindato jumentis,
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Curſorem, et reliquos trottantes ſumito averos:
In cartis yokkato omnes: extrahito muckam
Crofta per et riggas, atque ipſas ante feneſtras
Nebernæ; et aliquid ſin ipſa contra loquatur,
In ſydas tu pone manus, et dicito *Farte jade*!
Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannoſque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
Extemplo cartas bene fillavere jigantes.

Digitized by Google

Whiſtlavere viri, workhorſoſque ordine ſwieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes; et ſic turba horrida muſtrat.
Haud aliter quam ſi cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Oſtendam marchaſſet fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios dux Piper Laius heros
Precedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,
Incipit Harlai cunctis ſonare battellum.
Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipſa egreſſa, videnſque
Muck-cartas tranſire viam; valde angria facta,
Non tulit affrontam tantam; verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo barrowmannos atque ladæos,
Jackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivſters atque pleughmannos,
Tumlanteſque ſimul reekoſo ex kitchine boyos;
Hunc qui dirtiferas terſit cum diſhcloute diſhas,
Hunc qui gruelias ſcivit bene lickere plettas,
Et ſaltpannifumos, et widebricatos fiſheros;
Hellæoſque etiam ſalteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more divelli;
Life-guardamque ſibi ſævas vocat improba laſſas,
Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam ſweepare flooras, et ſternere beddas,
Quæque novit ſpinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
Nanſæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque

Digitized by Google

Yellantemque Elpen, longo berdamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque ſimul Gyllam, gleidamque Katæam,
Egregie indutam blacko caput ſooty clouto;
Mammæamque ſimul vetulam, quæ ſciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oſcularier arſas;
Quæque lanam cardare ſolet greaſy-fingria Betty.
Tum demum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farſit, et guttas raſuinibus implet amaris;
Poſtea new-barmæingentem dedit omnibus hauſtum.
Staggravere omnes, grandeſque ad ſidera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, et ſic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora, marchavit foras longa ordine turma;
Ipſa prior Neberna ſuis ſtout-facta ribaldis,
Ruſtæum manibus geſtans furibunda gulæum,
Tandem muckrelios vocat ad pellmellia flaidos:
Ite, ait, uglæi fellows! ſi quis modo poſthac
Muckifer has noſtras tentet croſſare feneſtras,
Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,
Et totam rivabo faciem, luggaſque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heart-bloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finivit.
Obſtupuit Vitarva diu, dirtflaida; ſed inde
Couragium accipiens, muckrelios ordine cunctos
Middine in medio faciem turnare coegit.
O qualem primo fleuram guſtaſſes in ipſo
Battelli onſetto! pugnat muckrelius heros

Digitized by Google

Fortiter, et muckam per poſteriora cadentem
In crelibus ſhoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.
O quale hurly-burly fuit! ſi forte vidiſſes
Pypantes arſas, et flavo ſanguine breikas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas?
O qualis firy-fary fuit! namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat.
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva.
Tum vero e media muckdrivſter proſilit unus,
Gallanteus homo, et greppam minatur in ipſam
Nebernam, (quoniam miſere ſcaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam petticottam guttere thicko,
Pearlineaſque ejus ſkirtas, ſilkamque gownæam,
Vaſquineamque rubram muckſherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
Valde procul, metuens ſhottam woundumque profundum.
Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum:
Extemplo Gillea ferox invaſit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigrida facta,
Bubblentemque grippans berdam, ſic dixit ad illum;
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu ſherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gaſhberdam beſmereavit:

Sume

Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneesing valde operativum,
Pro præmio, swingere! tuo: tum denique flaido
Ingentem Gilly Wamphra dedit, validamque nevellam!
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis. Sic Gylla triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et O fy!
Ter quater exclamat, et o quam fœde neesavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lausavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu:
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurit absens,
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba.
Et fy fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmegga cracasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, fightamque repente
Sumpserunt: retrospexit jackmannus, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod si King Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dingasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,

Ipsam

Digitized by Google

Ipſam continuo townam dingaſſet in yerdam.
Exit Corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Conſiliumque meum ſi non accipitis inquit,
Pulchras ſcartabo facies, et vos worriabo.
Sed needlo per ſeuſtram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes ſtobbatus, greitans, lookanſque grievaté
Barlafumle clamat, et dixit, O Deus! O God!
Quid multis? ſic fraya fuit, ſic guiſa peracta eſt,
Una nec interea ſpillata eſt droppa cruoris.

PRÆLIUM

PRÆLIUM GILLICRANKIANUM.

CANTILENA.

I.

GRAHAMIUS notabilis coegerat Montanos,
Qui clypeis & gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos;
Fugerant Vallicolæ atque Puritani;
Cacavere Batavi & Cameroniani.

II.

Grahamius mirabilis, fortiſſimus Alcides,
Cujus regi fuerat intemerata fides;
Agiles monticolas marte inſpiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hoſtium profligavit.

III.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilo-dunenſis,
Cujus in rebelles ſtringebatur enſis;
Nobilis eſt ſanguine, nobilior virtute,
Regi devotiſſimus intus & in cute.

IV.

Pitcurrius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis fuerat, & invicta manus;
Capita rebellium is excerebravit;
Hoſtes unitiſſimos enſe diſſipavit.

V.

Digitized by Google

V.

Glengarius magnanimus atque bellicosus,
Functus ut Æneas, pro rege animosus;
Fortis atque strenuus hostes expugnavit,
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.

VI.

Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Insulanus,
Pugnaverat viriliter cum copiis Skyanis;
Pater atque filii non dissimularunt,
Sed pro rege proprio unanimi pugnarunt.

VII.

MacLeanius, circumdatus tribu martiali,
Semper devinctissimus familiæ regali,
Fortiter pugnaverat more atavorum,
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.

VIII.

Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,
Hostes ense peremit, & Abrio pugione;
Istos & intrepidus orco dedicavit:
Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit:

IX.

MacNeilius de Barra, Glencous, Keppochanus,
Bellechius cum filio Stuartus Appianus,
Pro JACOBUS Septimo fortiter gessere;
Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.

X.

Digitized by Google

X.

Canonius clariſſimus, Gallovidianus,
Acer & indomitus, conſilioque ſanus;
Ibi dux adfuerat, ſpectabilis perſona,
Nam pro tuenda patria hunc peperit Bellona.

XI.

Deucalidoni dominum ſpiraverat Gradivus,
Nobilis et juvenis, fortis & activus;
Nam, cum nativum principem exulem audiret,
Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inſerviret.

XII.

Illic & adfuerat Tutor Ranaldorum,
Qui ſtrenue pugnaverat cum copiis virorum;
Et ipſe Capitaneus, ætate puerili,
Intentus eſt ad prælia ſpiritu virili.

XIII.

Glenmoriſtonus junior, optimus bellator
Subito jam factus eſt, hactenus venator;
Perduelles Whiggios ut pecora proſtravit,
Enſe & fulmineo MacKaium fugavit.

XIV.

Regibus & legibus Scotici conſtantes;
Vos clypeis & gladiis pro principe pugnantes;
Veſtra eſt victoria, veſtra eſt & gloria;
In cantu & hiſtoria perpes eſt memoria.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SCOTTISH PROVERBS.

A

ALL things hath a beginning, God excepted.
A good beginning makes a good ending.
A ſlothful man is a beggar's brother.
A vaunter and a liar are baith ae thing.
A' is na tint that's in peril.
A' is na in hand that helps.
A toom purſe makes a blate merchant.
As lang runs the fox as he has feet.
A haſty man never wanted wae.
A wight man never wanted a weapon.
A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.
A gi'en horſe ſhould na be look't in the teeth.
A good aſker ſhould have a good nay-ſay.
A dear ſhip ſtands lang in the haven.
An evleit mother makes a ſweer daughter.
A rackleſs huſſie makes mony thieves.
A liar ſhould have a good memory.
A black ſhoe makes a blyth heart.
A hungry man ſees far.
A ſilly bairn is eith to lear.
A half-penny cat may look at a king.
A greedy man God hates.
A proud heart in a poor breaſt has meikle dolour to dree.
A ſca'd man's head is ſoon broken.
Ae ſcabbed ſheep fyles a' the flock.
A burnt bairn fire dreads.
Auld men are twice bairns.
A tatler is worſe than a thief.
A borrowed len ſhould come laughing hame.
A blyth heart makes a blooming viſage.
Ae year a nurſe, ſeven years a daw.

Digitized by Google

A' the keys of the country hang na at ae belt.
A dumb man never wan law.
As ſoon comes the lamb-ſkin to the market as the auld ſheep's.
As many heads, as many wits.
A blind man ſhould not judge of colours.
As the auld cock craws the young cock lears.
A ſcabbed horſe is good enough for a ſca'd ſquire.
A meik mirrour is a man's mind.
As meikle upwith, as meikle downwith.
An ill ſhearer never got a good hook.
A tarrowing bairn was never fat.
A good cow may have an ill calf.
A cock is crouſe on his ain midding.
A new beſom ſweeps clean.
As fair fight wrans as crans.
A yeeld ſow was never good to gryces.
As the carle riches he wretches.
A fool when he has ſpoken has a' done.
An old ſack craves meikle clouting.
An old ſack is ay ſkailing.
A fair fire makes a room flet.
An old knave is nae bairn.
A good yeoman makes a good woman.
A man hath nae mair good than he hath good of.
A fool may gie a wiſe man counſel.
A man may ſpeir the gate to Rome.
As lang lives the merry man as the wretch, for a' the craft he can.
All wald have all, all wald forgive.
Ane may lead a horſe to the water, but four and twenty canna gar him drink.
A blate cat makes a proud mouſe.
An ill-willy cow ſhould have ſhort horns.
A good piece ſteel is worth a penny.

An

An unhappy man's cart is eith to tumble.
An auld hound bites fair.
A fair bride is ſoon buſkit, and a ſhort horſe ſoon wiſpit.
As good had as draw.
A man that is warned is half armed.
An ill win penny will caſt down a pound.
A' the corn in the country is not ſhorn by kempers.
Ae beggar is wae that anither by the gate gae.
A travelled man hath leave to lie.
Ae ill word meets anither, an' it were at the brig of London.
A hungry louſe bites ſair.
A gentle horſe ſhould na be o'er ſair ſpurr'd.
A friend's dinner is ſoon dight.
An ill cook ſhould have a good cleaver.
A good fellow tint never but at an ill fellow's hand.
At open doors dogs come in.
A word before is worth twa behind.
A ſtill ſow eats a' the draff.
A dumb man hads a'.
A' fails that fools think.
A wool-ſeller kens a wool-buyer.
A man at five may be a fool at fifteen.
As the ſow fills the draff ſours.
A leill heart lied never.
As good merchant tines as wins.
A' the ſpeed is in the ſpurs.
As ſair greits the bairn that is dung after noon as he that is dung before noon.
An ill life, an ill end.
Anes wood never wife, ay the worſe.
Anes payit never cravit.
A great rooſer was ne'er a good rider.

Digitized by Google

A ſhort tree ſtands lang.
A mitten'd cat never was a good hunter.
A gangand foot is ay getting, an' it were a thorn.
A' is not gold that glitters.
Ae ſwallow makes nae ſummer.
A man may ſpit in his loof, and do full ill.
An ill ſervant will never be a good maſter.
An hired horſe tired never.
A' the winning is in the firſt buying.
Alike ilka day makes a clout on Sunday.
A horſe may ſnapper on four feet.
A' things wyte that na well fares.
A' things thrive but thrice.
A Scots miſt will weet an Engliſhman to the ſkin.
Auld ſin, new ſhame.
A man canna' thrive except his wife let him.
A bairn maun creep 'ere he gang.
As lang as ye ſerve the tod, ye man bear up his tail.
A' o'ers are ill, but o'er the water and o'er the hill.
A man may woo where he will, but wed where he is wierd.
A mein pot plaid never even.
Amongſt twenty-four fools not one wife man.
Ae man's meat is anither man's poiſon
A fool will not gie his bauble for the Tower of London.
A foul foot makes a fow wame.
A man is a lion in his own cauſe.
A hearty hand to gie a hungry melteth.
A cumberſume cur in company is hated for his miſcarriage.
A poor man is fain of little.
An anſwer is a word.
A beltleſs bairn canna lie.
A Yule feaſt may be done at Paſch.

Digitized by Google

A good dog never barkit but a bane.
A fu' ſack will take a clout on the ſide.
An ill hound comes halting hame.
A' thing helps, quo' the wren when ſhe piſht i' the ſea.
A' cracks, all bears.
A houndleſs man comes to the beſt hunting.
A' things hae an end, and a pudding has twa.
A' is well that ends well.
As good hads the ſtirrup as he that loups on.
A begun work is half ended.
A Scotſman is ay wiſe behint the hand.
A new tout in an old horn.
As broken a ſhip has come to land.
As the fool thinks the bell clinks.
A man may ſee his friend need, but will not ſee him bleed.
A friend is not known but in need.
A friend at court is worth a penny in the purſe.
A' things are good unſey'd.
A good gooſe indeed, but ſhe has an ill ganſel.
All are not maidens that wear bare hair.
A mach and a horſe's hoe are baith alike.
Airly crooks the tree, that good cammock ſhould be.
An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy.
An inch of a nag is worth a ſpan of an aver.
A good word is as ſoon ſaid as an ill.
A ſpoonfu' of ſkitter will ſpoil a potfu' of ſkink.

B

BETTER ſit idle than work for nought.
Better learn by your neighbour's ſkaith than by your own.
Better half egg than toom doup.

Better

Better apple given nor eaten.
Better a dog fawn nor bark at you.
Boden gear ſtinks.
Bourd neither with me nor with my honour.
Buy when I bid you.
Better late thrive than never.
Better hand looſe, nor bound to an ill bakie.
Better lang little than ſoon naething.
Better give nor take.
Better bid the cooks nor the mediciners.
Better ſaught wi' little aught nor care wi' many a cow.
Bring a cow to the ha' and ſhe will rin to the byre.
Bear wealth, poverty will bear itſelf.
Better good ſale nor good ale.
Better woo over midding, nor over moſs.
Blaw the wind ne'er ſo faſt it will lown at the laſt.
Bind faſt, find faſt.
Better auld debts nor auld fairs.
Better a fowl in hand nor twa flying.
Better ſpare at the brierd nor at the bottom.
Bind the ſack 'ere it be full.
Better be well loved nor ill won geir.
Better finger off nor ay wagging.
Better rew fit, nor rew flit.
Bourd not with bawty, fear leaſt he bite ye.
Better ſay here it is, nor here it was.
Better play's a full wame, nor a new coat.
Better be happy nor wiſe.
Better happy to court nor to good ſervice.
Better ae wit coft nor twa for nought.
Better bow nor break.
Better twa ſkaiths nor ae ſorrow.
Better bairns greit nor bearded men.

Betwixt

Digitized by Google

Betwixt twa ſtools the doup fa's down.
Better nae ring, nor the ring of a raſh.
Better hold out nor put out.
Better ſit ſtill nor riſe and get a fall.
Better leave nor want.
Better unborn nor untaught.
Better be envied nor pitied.
Better a little fire that warms nor a meikle that burns.
Be the ſame thing that you wald be call'd.
Black will be no other hue.
Beauty but bounty avails nought.
Beware of, had I wiſt.
Better be alane nor in ill company.
Better a begging mother nor a riding father.
Better ſpared than ill ſpent.
Before I wein, and now I wat.
Bonny ſilver is ſoon ſpent.
Better never have begun nor never end it.
Byting and ſcarting is Scots folks wooing.
Bread's houſe ſkaild never.
Bairns mother burſt never.
Bannocks are better nor nae kind of bread.
Better a laying hen nor a lyni crown.
Better be dead as out of the faſhion.
Better buy as borrow.
Better have a mouſe in the pot as no fleſh.
Butter and burn-trouts gar maidens force the wind.
Better a clout nor a hole out.

C

COURT to the town, and whore to the window.
Cadgers are ay cracking of crookſaddles.
Changes of works are lightening of hearts.

Charge

Charge your friend 'ere you have need.
Cats eat what huffies ſpare.
Caſt not out the old water till the new come in.
Caſt a bane in the de'il's teeth.
Crabbit was, and cauſe had.
Charity begins at hame.
Come not to the counſel uncalled.
Conditions makes, and conditions breaks.
Count ſiller after a' your kin.
Cold cools the love that kindles over hot.
Ceaſe your ſnow-balls caſting.
Come it air, come it late, in May comes the cow-quake.
Courteſie is cumberſome to them that kens it not.
Chalk is no ſheers.
Clap a carle on the culls and he'll ſhite i' your loof.

D

DO in hill as ye wald do in ha'.
Do as ye would be done to.
Do well, and have well.
Dame deim warily.
Dead and marriage makes term-day.
Draff is good enough for ſwine.
Do the likelieſt, and God will do the beſt.
Drive out the inch as thou haſt done the ſpan.
Dead men byte not.
Daffing dow nothing.
Dogs will redd ſwine.
Dirt parts good company.
Drink and drought come ſeenil together.
Drunken wife got ay the drunken penny.
Do well and doubt no man, do ill and doubt a' men.
Dead at the tae door, and heirſhip at the tither.
Dummie canna lie.

EARLY

Digitized by Google

E

EARLY maſter, lang knave.
Eaten meat is good to pay.
Eild wald have honour.
Evening oats is good morning fother.
Every land has its laugh, and every corn has its caff.
Every man wiſhes the water to his own mill.
Every man can rule an ill wife but he that has her.
Eat and drink meaſurely, and defy the mediciners.
Every man for himſelf, quo' the Martin.
Every man flams the fat ſow's arſe.
Experience may teach fools.
Every man wats beſt where his own ſhoe binds him.
Eat well's drink well's brother.
Either win the horſe or tine the ſaddle.
Every man at forty is a fool or a phyſician.

F

FAR fowls have fair feathers.
Fair heights make fools fain.
Fools are fain of flitting.
Falſhood made ne'er a fair hinder-end.
Freedom is a fair thing.
For a tint thing care not.
Fools haſte is nae ſpeed.
Fools ſet far tryſts.
For love of the nurſe mony ane kiſſes the bairn.
Folly is a bonny dog.
Fair words broke never bane, foul words mony ane.
Foul water ſlokens fire.
Far fought and dear bought is good for ladies.
For fault of wiſe men fools ſit on binks.

Fools

Digitized by Google

Fools make feaſts and wiſe men eat them.
Fools are fain of right nought.
Forbid a fool a thing, and that he will do.
Follow love, and it will flee from thee; leave it, and it will follow thee.
Fools ſhould hae nae chapping-ſticks.
Friendſhip ſtands not on one ſide.
Few words ſufficeth to a wiſe man.
Fire is good for the ferſie.
Fidlers' dogs and flies come to a feaſt unca'd.
Fill fow and had fow makes a ſtark man.

G

GRACE is beſt for the man.
Giff-gaff makes good friends.
Manus manum fricat.
Good wine needs na a wiſp.
Good chear and good cheap gars mony haunt the houſe.
God ſends men cloth as they have cold to.
God's help is nearer nor the fair even.
Gie never the wolf the wedder to keep.
Good-will ſhould be tane in part of payment.
God ſent never the mouth but the meat wi' it.
Girn when ye knit, and laugh when ye looſe.
Go to the devil and biſhop you.
God ſends meat and the devil ſends cooks.
Go to the devil for his dame ſake.
Go ſhoe the geeſe.

H

HUNGER is good kitchen meat.
Optimum condimentum fames.
He that is far from his gear is near his ſkaith.
Hand in uſe is father of lear.

He

He maun hae leave to ſpeak that canna had his tongue.
He that lippens to boden plows, his land will lie ley.
He rode ſicker that never fell.
He that will not hear mother-head ſhall hear ſtep-mother head.
He that crabs without cauſe, ſhall meat without mends.
He that may not as he would, maun do as he may. *Ut quimus quando ut voluimus, non licet.*
He that ſpares to ſpeak ſpares to ſpeed.
He is well eaſit that has aught of his own, when others go to meat.
He that does ill hates the light.
He that ſpeaks the thing he ſhould not, hears the things he would not.
He that is evil deem'd is half hang'd.
Help thyſelf and God will help thee.
He that ſpends his gear on a whore has baith ſhame and ſkaith.
He that forſakes miſſour, miſſour forſakes him.
Half a tale is enough for a wiſe man. *Verbum ſapientia ſat eſt.*
He that hews over hie, the ſpail will fall into his eye.
He that eats while he laſts will be the war while he die.
He is a weak horſe that may not bear the ſaddle.
He that borrows and bigs, makes feaſts and thigs, drinks and is not dry, theſe three are not thrifty.
He is a proud tod that will not ſcrape his ain hole.
He is wiſe that when he is weil can had him ſae.
He is poor that God hates.
He is wiſe that is ware in time.
He is wiſe who can make a friend of a foe.

Digitized by Google

Hair and hair make the carle's head bare.
Hear a' parties.
He that is red for windleſtraws ſhould not ſleep in lees.
He that is fraid of a fart ſhould never hear thunder.
He riſes o'er early that is hangit 'ere noon.
He is na the fool that the fool is, but he that wi' the fool deals.
He that tholes o'ercomes.
He loves me for little that hates me for nought.
He that has twa huirds is able to get the third.
He is an airy beggar that may not go by ae man's door.
Hall binks are ſliddery.
He is not the beſt wright that hews maiſt ſpeals.
He that evil does never good weens
He that counts a' coſts will never put plough i' the yeird.
He that ſlays ſhall be ſlain.
He that is ill o' his harbory is good o' the way-kenning.
He that will not when he may, ſhall not when he wald.
Hanging gangs by hap.
He that is born to be hang'd will never be drown'd.
He that comes unca'd ſits unſery'd.
He that comes firſt to the ha' may ſit where he will.
He that ſhames, let him be ſhent.
He gangs early to ſteal that cannot ſay na.
He was ſcant of news that tald his father was hang'd.
He ſhould hae a long ſhafted ſpoon that ſups kail wi' the devil.

He

Digitized by Google

He wad gang a mile to flit a ſow.
Happy man, happy cavel.
He that aught the cow gangs neareſt her tail.
He is worth nae well that can bid nae wae.
He would need a heal pow that calls his neighbour nitty now.
He that hath gold may buy land.
He that counts but his hoſt counts twice.
He that looks not 'ere he loup will fall 'ere he wit o' himſel.
Haſte makes waſte.
Hooly and fairly men ride far journeys,
He that marries a daw eats meikle dirt.
He that marries 'ere he be wiſe, will die 'ere he thrive.
Hunting, hawking, and paramours, for one joy a hundred diſpleaſures.
Held in geir helps well.
He is twice fain that ſits on a ſtane.
He that does his turn in time ſits half idle.
He plaints early that plaints o' his kail.
He wad rake hell for a bodle.
He is good that failed never.
He is a fairy cook that may not lick his ain fingers.
Hunger is hard in a hail maw.
Half aunch, is half fill.
He ſhould wear iron ſhoone that bides his neighbour's dead.
Hame is hamely though ever ſo ſeemly.
He that is hated o' his ſubjects canna be a king.
Hap and halfpenny is world's geir enough.
He ca's me ſcabbed, becauſe I will not ca' him ſca'd.
He is blind that eats marrow, but he is blinder that lets him.

Digitized by Google

Have God, have all.
Honesty is nae pride.
He that fishes before the net, lang 'ere fish get.
He tint never a cow that grat for a needle.
He that has na gear to tine has shins to pine.
He that takes a' his geer frae himsel and gies to his bairns, it were well waird to take a mell and knock out his harns.
He sits fu' still that has a riven breek.
He that does bidding 'serves na dinging.
He that blaws best bears awa' the horn.
He's well stakit there-ben that will neither borrow nor len.
He will gar a deaf man hear.
He's faireſt dung when his ain wand dings him.
He has wit at will, that wi' an angry heart can had him still.

Proverbial Speeches of Persons given to such Vices or Virtues, as follows.

Of Greedy Persons it is said:

HE can hide his meat and seek mair.
He will see day-light thro' a little hole.
He comes for drink, though draff be his errand.

Of Well-skilled Persons.

He was born in August.
He sees an inch before his nose.

Of Wilful Persons.

He is at his wit's end.
He hears na at that ear.
He would fain be forward if he wist how.
He would na gie an inch of his will for a span of his thrift.

Of Boasters and New Upstarts.

His wind shakes na corn.

He

He thinks himſel nae page's peer.
He thinks himſelf worth meikle mice dirt.
Henry Chick never flew a man till he came near him.

Of Fley'd Perſons.

His heart is in his hoſe.
He is mair fleyit nor he is hurt.
He looks as the wood were fu' of thieves.
He looks like the laird of pity.
He looks like a Lochaber ax.

Of Falſe Perſons.

He will get credit of a houſe fu' of unbor'd mill-ſtanes.
He looks up wi' the tae eye and down wi' the tither.
He can lie as well as a dog can lick a diſh.
He bides as faſt as a cat bound to a ſaucer.
He wad gar a man trow that the moon is made of green cheeſe, or that the cat took herrin.

Of Miſnurtured Perſons.

He has a braſen face; *perfecte frontis.*
He knows not the door by the door bar.
He ſpits on his ain blanket.

Of Unprofitable Fooliſh Perſons.

He harps ay on ae ſtring.
He robs Peter to pay Paul.
He rives the kirk to theek the quire.
He wags a wand in the water.
He that rides 'ere he be ready wants ſome of his gear.

Of Wily Perſons.

He can had the cat to the ſun.
He kens his groats among ither folk's kail.
He neiffers for the better.
He's na ſae daft as he lets on.

Digitized by Google

Of Angry Perſons.

He has na gotten the firſt ſeat of the midding the day.

He has piſht on a nettle.

He takes pepper i' the noſe.

Of Unconſtant Perſons.

He is like a weather-cock.

He has changed his tippet, or his cloak, on the other ſhoulder.

He is like a dog and a cat.

His evening ſong and his morning ſong are not both alike.

He is an Aberdeen's man that takes his word again.

Of Perſons Speaking Pertinently.

He has hit the nail on the head.

He has toucht him on the quick.

Of Maſters and Divers.

He has not a hail nail to claw him with.

He has not a penny to buy his dog loaf.

He is as poor as Job.

He is as bair as the birk at Yule even.

He begs at them that borrowed at him.

He has brought his pack to a foot ſpeed.

He is on the ground.

His hair grows through his head.

He has cryed himſelf diver.

Of Proud Perſons.

He counts his half-penny good ſilver.

He makes meikle of his painted ſheets.

He gaes away with born head.

He ſpills unſpoken to.

He has na that bachel to ſwear by.

Of Untimous Perſons.

He is as welcome as water in a riven ſhip.

He is as welcome as ſnaw in harveſt.

Of

Digitized by Google

Of Rich Perſons.

He ſets all on ſix and ſeven.
He ſtumbles at a ſtrae and loups o'er a brae.

Of Ignorant Perſons.

He does as the blind man when he caſts his ſtaff.
He brings a ſtaff to break his ain head.
He gars his ain wand ding him.
He breeds of the gaet that caſts a' down at even.
He has good ſkill of roaſted wool, when it ſtinks it is enough.

Of effeminate Perſons.

He is John Thomſon's man; couch carle.
He wears ſhort hoſe.

Of Drunkards.

His head is full of bees.
He may write to his friends.
His hand is i' the creel.
He is better fed nor nurtured.
He needs not a cake of bread o' a' his kin.

Of Hypocrites.

He has meikle prayer but little devotion.
He runs with the hound and hads with the hare.
He has ae face to God and anither to the devil.
He is a wolf in a lamb's ſkin.
He breaks my head and ſyne puts on my hoo.
He can ſay, My jo, and think it no.
He ſleeps as dogs do when wives ſift meal.
He will gae to hell for the houſe profit.
Hot love and haſty vengeance.

I

IT is a fairy brewing that is na good in the newing.
It's tint that's done to auld men and bairns.

Ill

Digitized by Google

Ill weeds wax well.
In ſome man's aught maun the old horſe die.
It is a ſooth dream that is ſeen waking.
In ſpace comes grace.
It is ill to take out of the fleſh that is bred in the bane.
Ill win ill wairt.
It is a ſilly flock where the ewe bears the bell.
It is ſin to lie on the devil.
It is good gear that pleaſes the merchant.
It is good mows that fills the wame.
It is nae time to ſtoop when the head's aff.
It is fair in hall, where beards wag all.
It will come in an hour that will not come in a year.
If you do nae ill, do nae ill like.
If ye ſteal not my kail, break not my dike.
If ye may ſpend meikle, put the mair to the fire.
If I can get his cart at a water, I ſhall lend it a put.
If I may not kep gooſe, I ſhall kep gaiſlin.
It is kindly that the pock ſare of the herring.
It is eith to cry Yule on anither man's coaſt.
Ilka man as he loves, let him ſend to the cooks.
It is eith to ſwim where the head is held up.
It is well wairt they have ſorrow, that buys it wi' their ſiller.
If ane will not, anither will.
It is ill to take a breek aff a bare arſe.
It is dear-bought honey that is lickt aff a thorn.
If God be wi' us, wha will be againſt us.
It is well wairt that waiſters want gear.
It is ill to bring but the thing that is not thereben.
It that lies na in your gate breaks na your ſhins.

It

It is nae play where ane greets and anither laughs.
If a man knew what would be dear, he would no be merchant for a year.
It is true that all men ſay.
I have a good bow, but it is in the caſtle.
It is hard to ſing at the brod, or kick at the prick.
Ilka man mend ane, and a' will be mended.
It is a ſairy collop that is tane aff a capon.
Ill bairns are ay beſt heard at hame.
It is ill to waken ſleeping dogs.
Ill herds make fat wolves.
It is hard to wed and thrive in a year.
It is good ſleeping in a hail ſkin.
It is not tint that is done to friends.
It is ill to draw a ſtrae before an auld cat.
It is a pain both to pay and pray.
It is good fiſhing in drumly waters.
It is little of God's might to make a poor man a knight.
It is good baking beſide meal.
It is a good gooſe that draps ay.
It is not the habit that makes the monk.
It is not good to want and to have.
It has neither arſe nor elbow.
I ſhall ſit on his ſkirt.
It is a bare moor that he gaes o'er and gets na a cow.
I ſhall hald his noſe to the grindſtane.
It gaes as meikle in his heart as his heel.
It gaes in at ae end and out of the ither.
It is nae mair pity to ſee a woman greet, nor to ſee a gooſe gae barefoot.
It is well ſaid, but wha will bell the cat.
It is ſhort while ſince the louſe bore the langell.

I have

I have a ſliddery eel by the tail.
It is as meet as a ſow to bear a ſaddle.
It is as meet as a thief for the widdy.
I would I had as meikle black ſpice as he counts himſel worthy mice dirt.
It will be an ill web to bleach.
I canna find you both tales and ears.
It is ill making a bowing horn of a tod's tail.
If ever you make a lucky pudding I ſhall eat the prick.
If that God will give, the devil canna reave.
In a good time I ſay it, in a better I leave it.
It is a ſilly pack that may not pay the cuſtoms.
I have ſeen as light a green.
It is a cauld coal to blaw at.
It is a fair field where a' is dung down.
It is a fair dung bairn that dare not greet.
I wat where my ain ſhoe binds me.
If you wanted me and your meat, ye would want a good friend.

K.

KEME ſeemil, keme fair.
Kindneſs comes of will.
Kindneſs will creep where it may not gang.
Kindneſs canna be bought for gear.
Kail ſpairs bread.
Kemſters are ay creiſhie.
Knowledge is eith born about.
Kings are out of play.
Kings and bears aft worry their keepers.
Kings have lang ears.
King's caff is worth ither men's corn.
Kindneſs lies not ay in ae ſide of the houſe.

LITTLE

Digitized by Google

L

LITTLE intermitting makes good friends.
Lang tarrowing takes all the thank away.
Little ſaid is ſoon mended, and a little gear is ſoon ſpended.
Lang lean makes hame-cald cattle.
Little wit makes meikle travel.
Lear young, lear fair.
Like draws to like, a ſcabbed horſe to an auld dike.
Laith to bed, laith out of it.
Little may an auld nag do that mauna nicker.
Let them that are cauld blaw at the coal.
Lang ſtanding and little offering makes a poor prieſt.
Love has nae lack, be the dame ever ſo black.
Leave the court 'ere the court leave thee.
Light ſuppers make lang life days.
Lik'd gear is haff bought.
Lordſhips change manners.
Little winning makes a heavy purſe.
Live and let live.
Love me, love my dog.
Lifeleſs, faultleſs.
Laith to the drink, laith frae't.
Lightly come, lightly gane.
Laſt in bed beſt heard.
Law's coſtly, take a pint and 'gree.
Little wats the ill-willy wife what a dinner may had in.
Lads will be men.
Laugh and lay't down again.
Likely lies in the myre, and unlikely gaes by it.
Let him drink as he has brewen.
Like to die mends not the kirk-yard.
Lang ſports turn to earneſt
Lang or ye cut Falkland wood with a penknife.

Love

Love me lightly, love me lang.
Let alane makes mony a lown.
Little troubles the eye but far leſs the ſoul.
Little kens the wife that ſits by the fire, how the wind blaws on hurly-burly ſwire.
Lips gae, laps gae, drink and pay.

M

MONY irons in the fire part maun cool. Maidens ſhould be mim till they're married, and then they may burn kirks.
Men may buy gold o'er dear.
Mony purſes had friends lang together.
Meat feeds, and claith cleads, but manners make a man.
Mony hands make light wark.
Make na twa mews of ae daughter.
Meat's good, but menſe is better.
Mony maſters, quoth the paddock, when ilka tine of the harrow took him a tide.
Mint 'ere ye ſtrike.
Meaſure is treaſure.
Mony lack what they wad hae in their pack.
Miſterfou' fowk mauna be mensfou'.
Miſter makes man of craft.
Mony ſma's makes a great.
Mony ane ſpeaks o' Robin Hood that ne'er ſhot wi' his bow.
Maſtery maws down the meadow.
Meikle water rins by that the miller wats na of.
Meikle maun a good heart thole.
Mony care for meal that hae baken bread enough.
Meikle ſpoken part ſpilt.
Meſſengers ſhou'd neither be headed nor hang'd.
Men are blind in their ain cauſe.

Mony

Digitized by Google

Mony words would hae meikle drink.
Man propones, but God diſpones.
Mony ane ſerves a thankleſs maſter.
Mony words fill na the firlot.
Mony aunts mony eems, mony kin and few friends.
Men gae o'er the dyke at the laigheſt.
Might o'ercomes right.
Mends is worth miſdeeds.
Meikle head, little wit.
Muſtard after meat.
Millers take ay the beſt mouter wi' their ain hand.
Mony ane ſpears the gate they ken fu' well.
Muzle not the ox's mouth.
Meikle would fain hae mair.
Mony ane tines the haff-merk whinger for the halfpenny whang.
Make not meikle of little.
Mony ane makes an errand to the ha' to bid the lady good-day.
Mony ane brings the rake, but few the ſhovel.
Make nae bawks of good bear land.
March whiſquer was ne'er a good fiſher.
Meat and maſs hinders nae man.

N

NATURE paſſes nurture.
Nae man can baith ſup and blaw together. *Sorbere & flare.*
Naithing enters into a cloſe hand.
Need makes virtue.
Need has nae law.
Neareſt the kirk the fartheſt frae God.
Neareſt the king, neareſt the widdie.
New lords hae new laws.
Nae man has a tack of his life.

Digitized by Google

Neareſt the heart, neareſt the mouth.
Never rode never fell.
Need gars naked men rin, and ſorrow gars webſters ſpin.
Near is the kirtle, but nearer is the ſark.
Naething is difficult to a well-willed man.
Nae plea is beſt.
Naething comes fairer to light than what has been lang hidden.
Nane can play the fool ſae well as a wiſe man.
Nae man can make his ain hap.
Nae penny nae pardon.
Nae man can ſeek his marrow in the kirn ſae well as he that has been in it himſel.
Nae wonder to ſee waſters want.

O

O'ER faſt o'er looſe.
Of enough men leave.
O'er great familiarity genders deſpite.
Out o' debt out o' danger.
O'er narrow counting culzies nae kindneſs.
Out o' ſight out o' langer.
O' twa ills chuſe the leaſt.
O' ither fowk's leather ye take large whangs.
O'er mony grieves but hinder the wark.
O' the abundance o' the heart the mouth ſpeaketh.
O' a' war peace is the final end.
O' ill debtors men get aiths.
O' need make virtue.
Open confeſſion is good for the ſaul.
O' ae ill comes mony.
O'er het o'er cauld.
O'er high, o'er laigh.
O'er meikle of ae thing is good for naething.

PENNY

Digitized by Google

P

PENNY wiſe, pound fooliſh.
Prieſts and doves make foul houſes.
Pride an ſweerneſs take meikle uphadding.
Pride ne'er leaves its maſter till he get a fa'.
Pride and grace ne'er dwell in ae place.
Pride finds nae cauld.
Pride will have a fa'.
Put your hand nae farther than your ſleeve will reach.
Put your hand i' the creel, and take out an adder or an eel.
Put the ſaddle on the right horſe.
Put a coward to his metal and he'll fight the de'il.
Put twa pennies in a purſe and they'll creep together.
Put your finger i' the fire and ſay it was your fortune.
Puddings and paramours ſhou'd be haſtily handled.
Puddings and wort are haſty dirt.
Poſſeſſion is eleven points of the law.
Poverty parts good company, and is an enemy to virtue.
Poor fowk are fain of little.
Poor fowk are ſoon piſh't on.
Play with your play-fairs.
Piſh is good in a' plays.
Painters and poets hae liberty to lie.
Pay him hame in his ain coin.
Placks and bawbees grow pounds.
Peter in, Paul's out.
Pennyleſs ſauls may pine in purgatory.

REASON

R

REASON binds the man.
Roose the ford as ye find it.
Roose the fair day at e'en.
Rackless youth makes ruefou eild.
Royet lads may make sober men.
Right mixture makes good mortar.
Rule youth well, and eild will rule itsell.
Rome was na bigged in ae day.
Rue and thyme grow baith in ae garden.
Raw dads make fat lads.
Raise nae mae de'ils than ye're able to lay.
Raw leather raxes.

S

SELDOM rides tyne the spurs.
Sic man sic master, sic priest sic offering.
Sic as ye gie sic will ye get.
Sic reek as is therein comes out o' the lum.
Shod i' the craddle and barefoot on the stibble.
Standing dubs gather dirt.
Sooth bourd is nae bourd.
Seldom lies the de'il dead by the dyke-side.
Saying gangs cheap.
Spit on a stane and it will be wet at last.
Salt fire makes sweet malt.
Sturt pays nae debt.
Silly bairns are eith to lear.
Saw thin shear thin.
Soon ripe soon rotten, soon het soon cauld.
Send and fetch.
Soon enough if well enough.
Shame fa' them that shame think to do themselves a good turn.
Shame's past the shed o' your hair.
Sic father sic son.

Seenil

Seenil ſeen ſoon forgotten.
She's a foul bird that ſiles her ain neſt.
Speer at Jock Thief if I be a leal man.
Soon gotten ſoon ſpent.
She's a ſairy mouſe that has but ae hole.
Surfeits ſlay mae than ſwords.
Seek your ſaw where ye gat your ail, and beg your barm where ye buy your ale.
Send you to the ſea ye'll no get ſaut water.
Sma' winning makes a heavy purſe.
She that takes gifts herſel ſhe ſells, and ſhe that gie's them do naething elſe.
She's no to be made a ſang of.
Scotſmen reckon ay frae an ill hour.
Sain yourſel frae the de'il and the laird's bairns.
Shaw me the gueſt the houſe is the war of.
Shaw me the man and I'll ſhaw you the law.
Swear by your burnt ſhins.
Sairy be your meal-pock, and ay your neive i' the neuk o't.
Scant of cheeks makes a lang noſe.
Second thoughts are beſt.
Sweet i' the bed and ſwear up i' the morning, is no the beſt houſe-wife.
Saut, quo' the ſouter, when he had eaten a cow a' but the tail.
Souters and taylors count hours.
Souters ſhou'd na gae ayont their laſt.
Souters ſhou'd na be ſailors that can neither ſteer nor row.
Some body may come to kame your head backwards.
Stuffing hads out ſtorms.
Slaw at meat ſlaw at wark.
Slander leaves a ſlur.
Sorrow is ſcon enough when it comes.

Digitized by Google

T.

THE mair haſte the war ſpeed.
Tide and time bides nae man.
Twa daughters and a back-door are three ſtark thieves.
There was ne'er a cake but it had a make.
There came ne'er a hearty fart out o' a wren's arſe.
Toom bags rattle.
The thing that's friſted is no forgi'en.
Take part o' the pelf when the pack's dealing.
Tramp on a ſnail and ſhe'll ſhoot out her horns.
They are lightly herried that hae a' their ain.
The craw thinks her ain bird faireſt.
There is little for the rake after the beſom.
They buy gude cheap that brings naething hame.
Thraw the wand while its green.
The ſouter's wife's worſt ſhod.
The tailor's wife's worſt clad.
The warſt warld that 'ere was ſome man wan.
They will ken by a half-penny if a prieſt will take offering.
Time tries a'.
The weeds o'ergrow the corn.
Take time when time is, for time will away.
The piper wants meikle that wants his nether chafts.
They are welcome that brings.
The langer we live we ſee the mae ferlies.
There are mony ſooth words ſpoken in bourding.
There is nae thief without a reſetter.
There is mony a fair thing fu' falſe.
There came ne'er ill after gude adviſement.
There's nae man ſae deaf as he that winna hear.
There was ne'er a fair word in flyting.

The

Digitized by Google

The mouth that lies ſlays the ſaul.
Trot father, trot mother, how can foal amble?
They were ne'er fain that ſidg'd, nor ſou that lick'd diſhes.
Twa wolves may worry ae ſheep.
Twa fools in ae houſe are a couple o'er mony.
The day has ein, the night has ears.
The tree fa's na at the firſt ſtroke.
The mair ye tramp on a turd it grows the broader.
There's nane without a fau't.
The de'il's a buſy biſhop in his ain dioceſe.
There's nae friend to a friend in miſter.
There's nae fool to an auld fool.
Touch a gaw'd horſe on the back and he will fling.
There's remeid for a' things but ſtark dead.
There's nae medicine for fear.
The weakeſt gaes to the wa'.
That which huſſies ſpare, cats eat.
Thou will get nae mair o' the cat but the ſkin.
There's mair maidens nor maukins.
They laugh ay that wins.
Twa wits are better nor ane.
They put at the cart that's ay gaen.
Three may keep counſel if twa be awa'.
They are good willy o' their horſe that has nane.
The mae the merrier, the fewer the better chear.
The blind horſe is hardieſt.
There are mae ways to the wood nor ane.
There are meikle between word and deed.
They that ſpeirs meikle will get wot of part.
The leſs play the better.
The mair coſt the mair honour.

There's

Digitized by Google

There's naething mair precious nor time.
True loves kythe in time o' need.
There are mony fair words in the marriage making, but few in the tocher-gude paying.
The higher up the greater fa'.
The mither of a' mischief is nae mair nor a midge wing.
Tarrowing bairns were ne'r fat.
There is little sap in dry pea-hools.
This bolt came ne'er out o' your bag.
Thy tongue is nae scandal.
Take him up there with his five eggs, and four o' them rotten.
The next time ye dance ken wha ye take by the hand.
The gooſe-pan's aboon the roaſt.
Thy thumb is under my belt.
There's a dog i' the well.
The malt's aboon the meal.
Touch me not on the ſair heel.
The ſhots o'ergae the auld ſwine.
Take a man by his word and a cow by her horn.
There's meikle hid meat in a gooſe eye.
They had ne'er an ill day that had a gude even.
There belangs mair to a bed nor four bare legs.
The greateſt clerks are no the wiſeſt men.
Thou ſhou'd not tell thy foe when thy fit ſleeps.
The grace of God is gear enough.
Twa hungry meltiths makes the third a glutton.
This world will not laſt ay.
The devil and the dean begins wi' ae letter; when the devil has the dean the kirk will be the better.
There's naething ſae crouſe as a new waſhen louſe.

They

Digitized by Google

They are as wiſe as ſpier not.
They menſe little the mouth that bites aff the noſe.
They gae near my arſe that ſteals my hippen.

W

WHERE the deer's ſlain ſome o' the blood will lie.
When the eye ſees not, the heart rues not.
When drink's in wit is out.
When the ſteed's ſtown ſteek the ſtable-door.
When the tod preaches beware o' the hens.
When the cap's fu' carry it even.
What better is the houſe that the daw riſes ſoon.
When thieves reckon, leal fowk come to their gear.
When I'm dead make me cawdle.
When the heart's fou' the tongue will ſpeak.
When the craw flies her tail follows.
Wrang count is nae payment.
Whiles you, whiles I, ſae gangs the bailliary.
Woo-ſellers ken ay woo-buyers.
When the heart's fou' o' luſt the mouth's fou' o' leaſing.
What need a rich man be a thief.
What canna be cured maun be endured.
When thy neighbour's houſe is in danger take care o' your ain.
When ilka ane gets their ain the thief will get the widdy.
When the iron is het it is time to ſtrike.
When the wame's fou' the banes wad be at reſt.
When God will help nane can hinder.
When a' men ſpeak nae man hears.
When the well is fu' it will rin o'er.

When

When the goodman's awa' the braid-claith's tint.
When the goodwife's away the keys are tint.
Where ſtands your great horſe.
Where the pig's broken let the ſherds lie.
When friends meet hearts warm.
Wrang has nae warrand.
Well is that well does.
Well done ſoon done.
Weapons bode peace.
Wiles help weak folk.
Wiſhers and woulders are poor houſholders.
Words are but wind, but dunts are the devil.
Wark bears witneſs wha well does.
Wealth gars wit waver.
Well bides well betides.
When a fool finds a horſe-ſhoe, he thinks ay the like to do.
Wi' empty hand nae man ſhou'd hawks allure.
Well kens the mouſe when the cat's out o' the houſe.
Well worth a' that gars the plough draw.
We hounds ſlew the hare, quo' the meſſon.
Wonder laſts but nine nights in a town.
Women and bairns lein what they ken not.
Wont begnil'd the lady.
Waken not ſleeping dogs.
Whoredom and grace can ne'er ſtay in ae place.
We have a craw to pluck.
Well good mother-daughter.
Wood in wilderneſs and ſtrength in a fool.
Wit in a poor manis head and moſs in a mountain avails nathing.
Wells him and waes him that has a biſhop in his kin.

Y.

YE will break your neck as ſoon as your faſt in his houſe.
Ye ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
Youth ne'er caſts for peril.
Youth and age will ne'er agree.
Ye ſeek het water under cauld ice.
Ye drive a ſnail to Rome.
Ye ride a bootleſs errand.
Ye ſeek grace at a graceleſs face.
Ye learn your father to get bairns.
Ye may not ſit in Rome and ſtrive wi' the Pope.
Ye may poind for debt but not for unkindneſs.
Ye breed of the cat, you wad fain hae fiſh, but you hae nae will to weet your feet.
Ye breed o' the gowk, ye have ne'er a rime but ane.
Ye ſhou'd be a king o' your word.
Ye will get war bodes e'er Belton.
Ye may drink o' the burn but not bite o' the brae.
Ye wad do little for God if the de'il were dead.
Ye have a face to God and anither to the de'il.
Ye have a ready mouth for a ripe cherry.
Ye breed o' the miller's dog, ye lick your lips 'ere the pock be opened.
Ye canna make a ſilk purſe o' a ſow's lug.
Your winning is not my tinſel.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

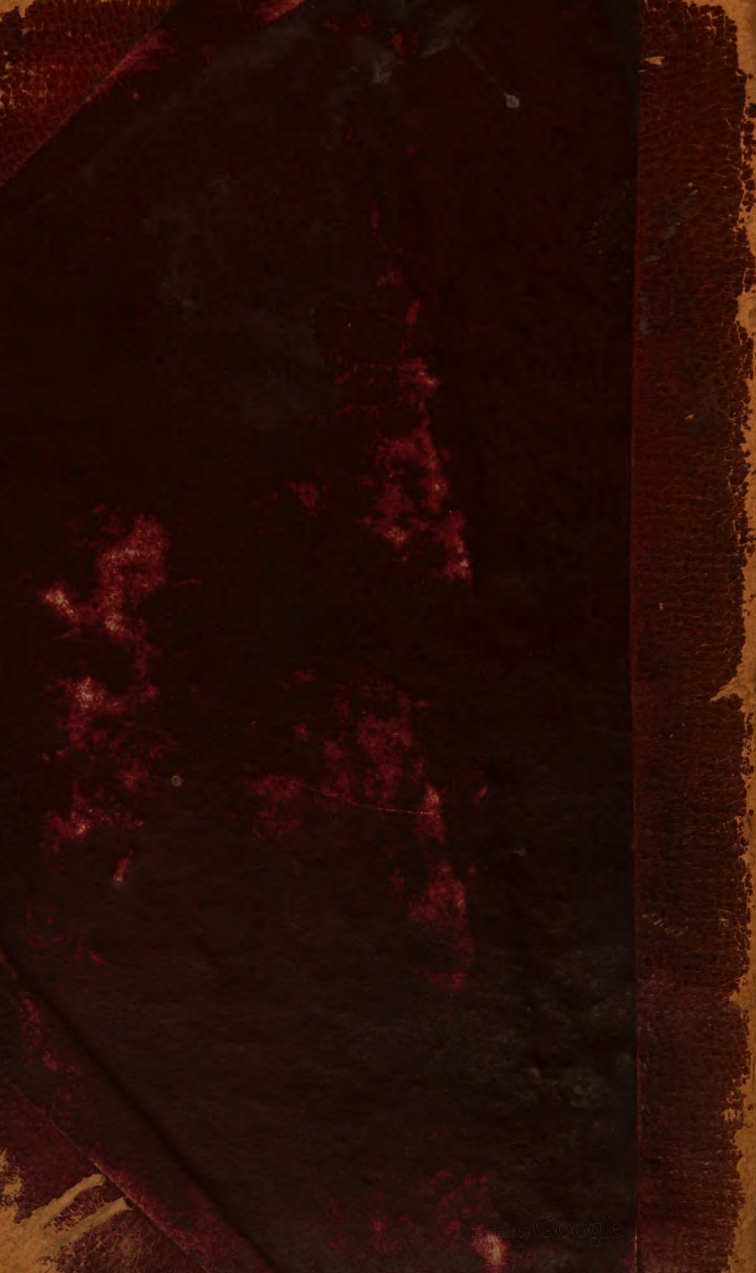
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

APR -5'55 H

Digitized by Google